

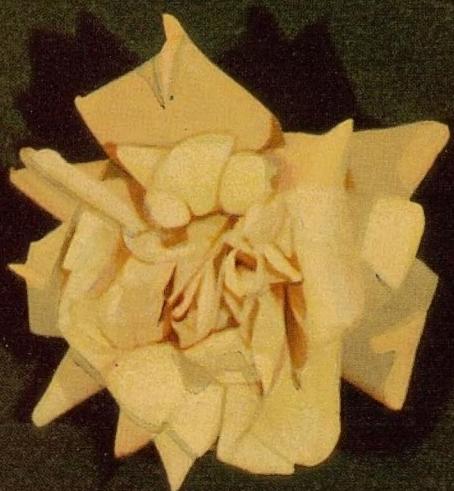
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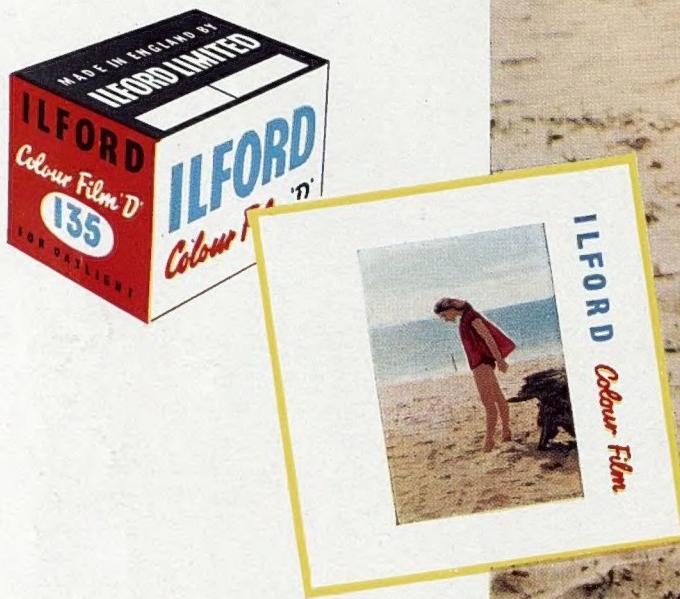
12 August 1959



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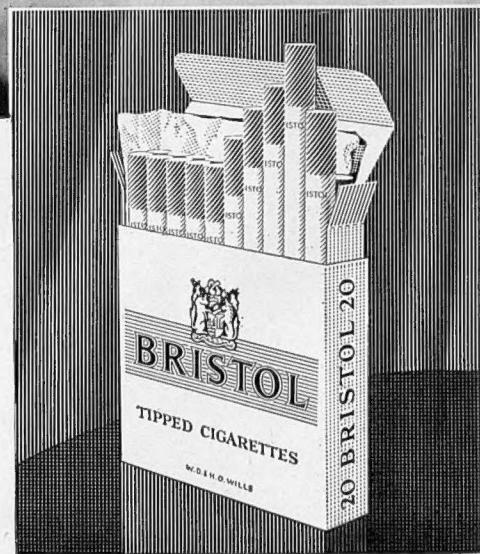
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Vol. CCXXXII No. 3024

12 August 1959

'I'm late, I'm late
'For a very important date . . .'

Seven important dates, to be exact. But at least there's no need for excuses—all The TATLER's readers know what detained us. We can only tell them we're sorry to have disappointed them so long, and that we have not been idle. Plans for big improvements have been made and readers will begin to notice new features, a widening range of topics, and ever-increasing reading value. Subscriptions will of course be extended.

This present issue, in its haste to get to press, has had to be content to leave un-revised a few pages that were already printed. Hence some uncorrected dates. But readers have borne with us patiently so many weeks that we feel confident we can ask them to overlook these imperfections.

COVER FEATURE: Alan Vines photographed the cover at the R.H.S. Gardens, Wisley. See page 681 for key to the roses.

NEXT WEEK: Muriel Bowen will report on *Cowes Week*, along with exclusive pictures taken inside the Royal Yacht Squadron castle—the first ever allowed there. . . .

Twelve Years a World Leader, a picture feature depicting Mr. Nehru at home in New Delhi. . . . *The Time I Met a Secret Agent*, by Steve Tokaruk.

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OUT OF DOORS

Grouse Shooting begins today, to 10 December.

York Race Week. 18-20 August. **Edinburgh Horse Show**, Stenhouse Stadium. 29 August (for the King George V Fund for Sailors).

Cricket. Fifth Test Match, England v. India. The Oval, 20, 21, 22, 24, 25 August.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden. The Royal Ballet opens its season on 17 August with *The Lady & The Fool*, *The Burrow*, & *Mam'zelle Angot*. (cov 1066.)

Henry Wood Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall. To 19 September. (KEN 8212.)

Admission, 2s. 6d. Tate, 1s. Arts Council.

Modern silver exhibition, arranged by the Goldsmiths' Company, Stoneleigh Abbey, near Warwick. 2.30-5.30 p.m. (including Sundays). To 21 September.

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House. To 16 August.

Chinese paintings acquired since 1950, & **Japanese painted doors** from the Shugakin Palace, Kyoto. British Museum. Weekdays 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sundays, 2.30-6 p.m.

Dr. Wall Worcester Porcelain (1751-1783). Worcester House, Curzon Street. To 29 August. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. (not Sundays).

"London," new wall paintings in the Victoria & Albert Museum

Guild of Gloucestershire Craftsmen Exhibition, Painswick, Glos. To 22 August.

Shrewsbury Musical & Floral Fête, 19-20 August.

FIRST NIGHTS

Queen's. *The Aspern Papers*. Tonight.

Stratford-on-Avon Memorial Theatre. *King Lear*. 18 August.

The Pleasure Of His Company

"An . . . engagingly bright, sentimental comedy." Coral Browne, Judith Stott, Nigel Patrick. (Haymarket Theatre, WHI 9832.)

FANCIED FILMS

Elspeth Grant gives potted reviews of films that appeared during the newspaper stoppage. Her reviews of this week's films appear on p. 683.

G.R. = General release.

My Uncle. "That absurd but lovable M. Jacques Tati reappears as M. Hulot. . . . It is a leisurely film but full of M. Tati's own endearing brand of comic invention, and quite delicious." (Cameo-Poly, LAN 1744; Cameo-Royal, WHI 6915.)

Darby O'Gill & The Little People.

"Mr. Walt Disney's . . . rollicking account of a battle of wits between a darlin' ould poachin' and fiddlin' rascal and the King of the Leprechauns . . . a broth of a picture." (Studio One, GER 3300.)

Left, Right & Centre. "The witty team of Messrs. Sidney Gilliat and Frank Launder show scant respect for the business of by-electioneering. . . . Mr. Ian Carmichael is . . . adopted as Tory candidate. . . . Highly commendable and hilarious." (Ritz, GER 1234.)

Tempest. ". . . distinctly on the stupendous side . . . magnificently produced and directed. . . . On the score of action this film can scarcely be faulted." G.R. 16/17 August.

Journey Into Autumn. "One of Herr Ingmar Bergman's more sympathetic works . . . making its effects through its lack of extravagance and compelling one's admiration through its keen observation and subtle interpretation of human emotions. (Paris-Pullman, KEN 5898.)

continued overleaf

GOING PLACES

SHOWS SPORTS SPECTACLE

COMPILED BY JOHN MANN

Royal Festival Hall. Festival Ballet, 8 p.m. (& 2.30 p.m. Weds. & Sats.). (WAT 3191.)

"The Land Of Smiles," London Coliseum (Sadler's Wells company). 7.30 p.m. (& 2.30 p.m. Sats.). (TEM 3161.) To 29 August.

Glyndebourne Festival Opera. To 16 August.

Hallé Festival, Harrogate, 17-22 August.

Holland Park outdoor symphony concert, London Philharmonic Orchestra, 7.30 p.m., 16 August. (WAT 5000, Ext. 6207.)

ART

"The Romantic Movement," Tate Gallery, Millbank, & Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square. Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Tuesdays, Thursdays, 10 a.m.-8 p.m. Sundays, 2-6 p.m.

restaurant, by Gillian Penman, William Cowper and Sonia Lawson, students of the Royal College of Art.

18th-century Portrait Busts, Kenwood House, Hampstead. Weekdays, 10 a.m.-7 p.m.

Big Ben Centenary Exhibition, Westminster Jewel Tower (opposite Houses of Parliament). All the summer.

Wedgwood Bicentenary Exhibition, Victoria & Albert Museum. Weekdays 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Sundays 2.30 a.m.-6 p.m. To 30 August.

Ceremonial Robes & Mantles Exhibition, Arundel Castle, Sussex. To 25 September.

FAIRS & FESTIVALS

Edinburgh Festival, 23 August-12 September.

Regency Exhibition, Royal Pavilion, Brighton. To 27 September. (Drury Lane, TEM 8108.)



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ISAAC BICKERSTAFF Guide to dining out

C.S. = Closed Sundays.

O.S. = Open Sundays.

Carvery Restaurant, Regent Palace Hotel, Glasshouse Street, W.1. (REG 7000.) C.S. Here's a bright idea: you do your own carving.

Taking your courage and your carver in both hands, you help yourself to as much prime beef, lamb or pork as you can consume, and two or three vegetables. This with a first course such as soup or melon, sweets, cheese and coffee for a flat 12s. 6d.! Remarkable value.

Cul de Sac, 43 Brompton Rd., S.W.3. (KEN 2928.) O.S. If you want to dine as if in the rue des Anglais in Paris and enjoy an omelette or a salami sandwich with a glass of wine for 7s. or less, you had better nip down into the Cul de Sac. Ken Adam, who was Mike Todd's art director in *Around The World In 80 Days*, designed the setting. "Taped" French music completes the illusion.

Emberson's Sherry Bar, 5b Shepherd Street, Mayfair, W.1. (GRO 1906.) C.S. Before dining out you can meet in this charming bar, owned and operated by Maurice ("Beau Brummell") Emberson, a Free Vintner, and drink wines in an atmosphere devoted to their appreciation. When there is an R in the month he serves the finest oysters. At other times Madeira cake, biscuits and sandwiches of quality. At 1 Glentworth Street, Baker Street, N.W.1. (WEL 3827.) C.S. Henry Emberson, also a Free Vintner, runs a similar establishment. The décor alone makes it worth a visit. It seems almost indecent that money should change hands in such an atmosphere, but I can see the necessity from the Embersons' point of view.

Etoile, 30 Charlotte Street, W.1. (MUS 7189.) C.S. Top-quality and authentic French cuisine. But don't go if you are in a hurry, or you will infuriate that great enthusiast Toni Sofianos, their *maitre d'hôtel*. Make an evening of it, and have a gastronomic experience.

Fu Tong, 29 Kensington High Street, W.8. (WES 1293.) O.S. Don't listen to the bores who, having spent a few weeks in China, sneer when you mention Chinese restaurants in England and probably

remark that "they are not the real thing." When they were in China it's a fair bet eggs and bacon was their favourite dish. There are some first-class Chinese restaurants in London where I enjoy the food and atmosphere immensely. The Fu Tong is one of them.

Knightsbridge Grille, 171 Knightsbridge, S.W.7. (KEN 0824.) C.S. If you are a stranger, ask the proprietor Fernando about some of his specialities, especially the Hungarian ones. He was born there. In any case the *plat du jour* is always worth while. Excellent wines at the right price.

La Réserve, 37 Gerrard Street, W.1. (GER 5556.) C.S. Prepare your palate, your patience and your pocket before you go here. Your palate, so that you will not miss any of the superb subtleties of the classic French dishes. Your patience because nothing is prepared until ordered. Your pocket because here is the *haute cuisine* and Georges Dertu will offer nothing less. Allow at least £5 per head—this of course to include your wine.

Marcel's, 14 Sloane Street, S.W.1. (SLO 4912.) O.S. (evenings). Gaiety and garlic go well with the atmosphere and the *cuisine Provençale*. Much encouraged by its volatile director Marcel Cacciardo, who comes from Cannes and darts about like an electric eel between "Marcel's" and his other restaurant, which is—

La Surprise, 13-14 Knightsbridge Green, S.W.7. (KEN 0509.) O.S. (evenings). Here Marcel switches from *cuisine Provençale* to *Parisienne*, in a Toulouse-Lautrec setting. Many wines on draught, by the glass, carafe, bottle or bucket.

Massey's Chop House, 38 Beau-champ Place, S.W.3. (KEN 4856.) C.S. Magnificent T-bone steaks, chops &c., from their genuine charcoal grill. What is most unusual is that they grill trout, sole and salmon in the same way with the same success.

Quaglino's, Bury St., S.W.1. (WHI 6767.) C.S. "Quag's" is in top gear, but if you slip into neutral as you go in Tony Roque, "Master of Mixing" at the cocktail bar, will tune you up. Then choose between the restaurant at street level (with Louis Muller in command) and the Allegro one floor down, beautifully air-conditioned (with M. Luparia in control). *Maitre chef de cuisine* is Livio Borra, who although Italian-born speaks excellent cockney and is one of the youngest *maitre chefs* in London. Dance bands and cabarets, both upstairs and downstairs.

Shangri La, 233 Brompton Road, Knightsbridge, S.W.3. (KEN 9459.) O.S. (evenings). Here, as with most of the best Chinese restaurants in London, if you are not an expert at ordering from their menus, ask for help. In time you will find your own feet and carry your own chopsticks—if you become a regular customer, maybe Mr. Tan or Mr. Boger will give you a pair. Use the restaurant downstairs unless you require only a coffee and a snack.



Miss Patricia Creery to Mr. John Impey. She is the only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. K. A. Creery, of Montreal. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. L. A. Impey, Chilland, near Winchester

Tom Hustler

Miss Rachel Fellowes to Mr. Joseph G. Studholme. She is the daughter of Capt. & Mrs. W. Fellowes, Laycocks, Sandringham, Norfolk. He is the son of Sir Henry Studholme, Bt., M.P., & Lady Studholme, Wembury House, Plymouth



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ENGAGEMENTS



Yevonde

Miss Sarah J. Wilson to Mr. Michael C. Ogilvie-Thomson. She is the daughter of the late Maj. John Wilson and Mrs. G. C. Turner, Fairacres, S.W.15. He is the son of the late Vice-Admiral E. C. O. Thomson, C.B., D.S.O., & the late Mrs. Ogilvie-Thomson



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Lady Mary Stopford to Mr. Geoffrey J. Holborow. She is the daughter of the Earl of Courtown, O.B.E., & of Mrs. C. Vian, Tuesley, Surrey. He is the son of Mr. George Holborow, Alderholt, Dorset, & Mrs. Holborow, Fressingfield, Suffolk

WEDDINGS



Vachell—Cooper: Miss Olivia M. Vachell, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. D. R. Vachell, M.C., & Mrs. Lambton, Brinkley House, near Newmarket, married Mr. Robert Cooper, son of Mr. & Mrs. A. Cooper, The Manor, Ogbourne Maisey, Wilts, at St. Michael's, Chester Square



Smith—Colebrooke: Miss Venice Grenville Smith, daughter of Lt.-Col. R. S. G. Close-Smith, & of Baroness Von Ompteda, White Oaks, Camberley, Surrey, married Mr. J. Duncan M. Colebrooke, son of the late Major J. C. Colebrooke, & Mrs. G. Pirie-Gordon, Waterton, Woking, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Ramsay—Chalmers: Miss Lavinia J. Ramsay, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Robert Ramsay, Mains of Kinblethmont, married Mr. Patrick Chalmers, Aldbar Castle, Brechin, Angus, son of Major & Mrs. Robert Chalmers, at St. Mary's Episcopal Church, Arbroath



Bunbury—Hoare: Miss Pamela S. Bunbury, daughter of Col. G. F. Bunbury, La Moye Manor, Jersey, & the late Mrs. Bunbury, married Mr. Henry C. Hoare, son of Mr. H. P. R. Hoare, Stourton, Wilts, & Lady Beatrix Fanshawe, of Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, at St. Dunstan-in-the-West, Fleet Street





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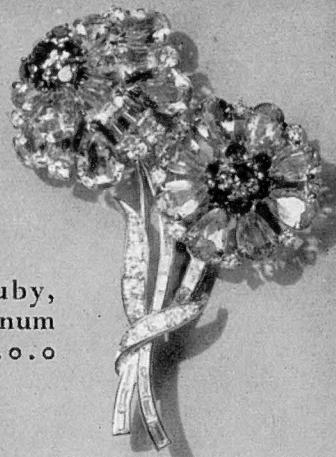
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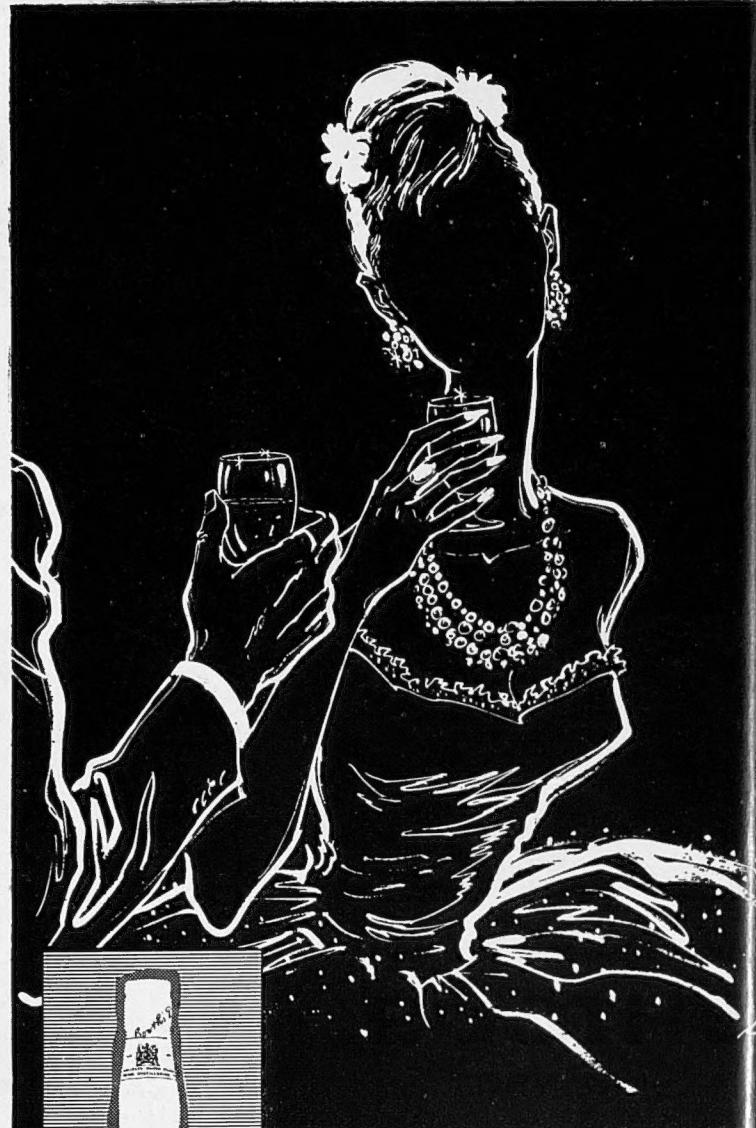
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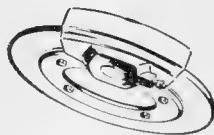
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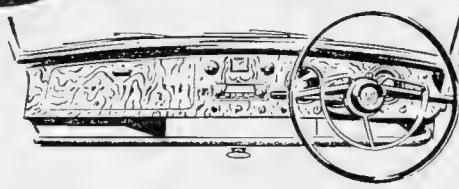
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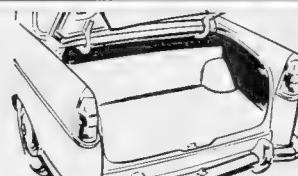
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THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND'S BALL AT BELVOIR

The Duchess of Rutland with
Miss Lindy Guinness for whom
she gave the ball

Sir Napoleon &
Lady Brinckman



P. C. Palmer

The Season's lost half

Beginning a seven-page
panorama of social events
that the printing stoppage
has caused to go unrecorded



Lady Violet Benson



Captain & Mrs. M. Naylor-
Leyland and the Hon.
Dominic Elliot

THE SEASON'S
LOST HALF *continued*

MURIEL BOWEN

reports on
six weeks of
summer gaiety

THIE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND'S ball at Belvoir Castle marked the end of a season that will be remembered for moonlight dancing on the terraces and lawns of great country houses. Evenings with spotlights shining on the massive buttresses of grey stone, and the music of the Cha-Cha-Cha drifting into the night. Those who said a few years ago that the great days of the country party were over would have been surprised. The dances given by the Duchess of Rutland in Lincolnshire, by **Mrs. Oliver Crosthwaite-Eyre** in Hampshire, **Lady Ronaldshay** in Bucks, and the **Hon. Mrs. Andrew Vanneck** in Suffolk will be remembered long after most of the London dances have been forgotten.

More than 600 people travelled to Belvoir Castle. "It's the biggest dance here since my own daughters came out in 1935," said **Kathleen Duchess of Rutland**, the present duke's mother. "But that day was very different to this—the whole place was covered in snow." The dance was given by her daughter-in-law, the Duchess, for **Miss Lindy Guinness**, a tall, elegant girl who is



1

Desmond O'Neill



2

Fox

the daughter of Group-Capt. Loel Guinness & Lady Isobel Throckmorton. Her white crinoline dress was a surprise present. She hadn't clapped eyes on it until it was flown specially from Rome a scant two days before the date of her dance at Belvoir Castle

All age groups were represented among the guests. The **Duchess of Bedford** was there and so were **Mrs. John Dewar** (in mauve with glistening amethysts), **Capt. & Mrs. Michael Naylor-Leyland**, **Lord Crawshaw**, and **Lady Gillian Pepys** (wearing a floppy blonde wig greeted by her friends with hoots of laughter!)

It was an evening when beautiful women shone. And the two who shone brightest were the **Countess of Dalkeith** and the **Duchess of Rutland**. The Countess, very bronzed, wore a white crinoline with a tiara and necklace of aquamarines and diamonds. The Duchess's gown appeared to consist of acres of pale blue tulle with white dots and a circle of diamonds ablaze in her dark hair. But what struck me about these two women is the way they wear beautiful jewels and clothes with an easy grace and an air of always enjoying themselves to the full.

THE COLONEL'S HIDEAWAY

Fathers usually hate the idea of being host at dances for their débutante daughters, and **Col. Oliver Crosthwaite-Eyre**, M.P., took elaborate precautions. "He insisted on having a room well away from the young so that he could entertain his friends in peace," said Mrs. Crosthwaite-Eyre. So on the night of the dance she gave for her daughter Philippa (now Mrs. Robin Roberts, she married last month) at Warrens, the family's handsome Elizabethan house in the New Forest, the Colonel's friends were dispatched to the nursery. This room was set aside for him because of its distance from the main part of the house. But I noticed that he was enjoying his daughter's friends so much that he found himself with very little time for his own.

There was dancing in an authentically constructed Austrian beer garden on the lawn. **Count Otto Traun** of Vienna, a family friend, sent all the trappings, from the vine leaves which covered the walls to the funny-faced posters. The music, too, was Austrian. There were strolling



3

Van Halla

yodellers and fiddlers. "Our son Antony toured all the night spots in Chelsea to find them," said Mrs. Crosthwaite-Eyre.

Guests came from country house parties strung across Hampshire. **Lady (Timothy) Eden** had a party of 10 (she put them up for the weekend in the girls' school she runs near Bournemouth). Other weekend hostesses were: **Mrs. Pearl Pleydell-Bouverie**, **Lady Veronica Cadogan**, **Mr. & Mrs. Dudley Forewood**, and **Mr. Billy Whitaker**, who was being pointed out to the London visitors by the local residents as, "the New Forest's most eligible bachelor."

A COMING-OUT AT CLIVEDEN

Another lovely dance on a warm, balmy night had **Princess Margaret** present. It was given by **Lord & Lady Ronaldshay** at Cliveden, high above the Thames, for the coming-of-age of their son, **Lord Dundas**, and the coming-out of their daughter, **Lady Serena Dundas**. A couple of days later Lord Dundas sailed for Canada to spend his three months' vacation from Cambridge where he is

continued on page 674



Dorothy Wilding

4 The Marchioness of Dufferin & Ava gave a coming-of-age dance at Hurlingham for her son, the Marquess. Muriel Bowen describes the dance overleaf

FIVE HOSTESSES

1 Lady Brayne gave a coming-out dance jointly with Mrs. James Maxwell for their daughters, the Hon. Penelope Verney-Cave & Miss Sarah Maxwell, at Stanford Hall, the Brayne family home near Rugby

2 Lady Cottesloe received guests at the reception to mark the 50th anniversary of the Port of London Authority. Her husband is P.L.A. vice-chairman. See overleaf

3 Lady Roberts was At Home at Cockley Cley Hall, Swaffham, for her daughter Miss Jane Roberts. Guests danced in the Hall and the floodlit grounds

5 Mrs. Oliver Crosthwaite-Eyre gave a dance at Warrens, her New Forest home, for her daughter Philippa (Mrs. Robin Roberts). See The Colonel's Hideaway

Cooper



Apsley House, Piccadilly home of the Duke of Wellington, was the appropriate setting for the evening. The hosts were the Duke of Gloucester and the board of Governors

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DESMOND O'NEILL



Mrs. H. W. House with Field Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck & Gen. Sir Richard O'Connor (both Governors & Old Wellingtonians). Top: The Master of Wellington, Mr. Graham Stainforth, and the Head Boy, Andrew McLaren

Left: The Duchess of Gloucester with the Duke of Wellington (an ex-officio Governor) and Sir Hugh Beaver, the College vice-president

Sir Charles Wheeler, P.R.A., and Lady Wheeler. Bottom: Old Wellingtonian Sir John Salmond (centre) with Air Chief Marshal Sir Walter Dawson & Lady Dawson. Muriel Bowen's report: pp. 674 & 676



**MURIEL
BOWEN**
continued

reading law. His intention of working his way by taking a job as a labourer in a lumber concern impressed some of the ball guests. "Wish my sons could be got to do something useful like that," commented a large man in a Regency-striped waistcoat. "All they do in the vacation is rush round in sports cars and get their licences endorsed."

Viscount Astor's home made a spectacular setting, and the people I met there included **Lord & Lady Abergavenny, Viscount Elveden** who is heir to the Earl of Iveagh, the brewing magnate, **Mr. & Mrs. Richard Todd, Lady Ranfurly** (wife of a former Governor of the Bahamas), and **Mr. Osbert Lancaster**, looking tropical in his white dinner jacket.

THE DUFFERIN & AVA DANCE

In London the most interesting of the season's dances was undoubtedly the one given by the **Marchioness of Dufferin & Ava** and her husband **Judge John Maude** for the coming-of-age of her son, the **Marquess**. He is at present doing his National Service with the Blues. In the autumn he goes up to Oxford.

The dance was at the Hurlingham Club, transformed for the evening by **Mr. Felix Harbord**, the interior decorator. There was a series of ballrooms and bands. In one ballroom dancers circled beneath a canopy of palest blue silk decorated with sprays of ivy. Stone fountains shimmered at either side of the bandstand. In an adjoining ballroom the ceiling and walls were done in pleated white lawn. Then there was a night club with illuminated walls and coloured lanterns.

The guest list, headed again by **Princess Margaret**, embraced the Cabinet, the law, the landed gentry and the Institute of Directors. It included **Sir Patrick (Mr. Justice) Devlin** (just back from Nyasaland) & **Lady Devlin**, the **Duke & Duchess of Northumberland**, **Lady Caroline Somerset** (whose evening must have been spoilt by the loss of a valuable bracelet), **Mr. & Mrs. Peter Cadbury**, **Mrs. Duncan Sandys** and her daughter **Edwina**.

OLD BOYS (pictures: page 673)

One of the biggest social occasions in London was the reception given by the Duke of Gloucester and the governors of Wellington College to celebrate the college's centenary. It was held at

continued on page 676

PARTIES IN BRIEF

The Port of London Authority: Viscount & Viscountess Simon and Lord & Lady Cottesloe received the guests at a reception given by the Port of London Authority to celebrate its 50th birthday. It was a big day in the City. "London has been the greatest port in the world for four centuries and we are determined that it should remain so," said Lord Macpherson.

Lady des Vœux: For Lady des Vœux bringing out a daughter is becoming routine. Last year she brought out her eldest daughter Elizabeth. This year she has brought out Jane, a charming girl for whom she gave a dance on June 30, at the Hyde Park Hotel. The next coming

out? Susan, 14, who is at school at North Foreland Lodge, is due to come out in 1962. Commented Jane: "I think Mummy is terribly grateful for the break."

Mrs. John Trethowan: Another London dance was given in the Dorchester ballroom, by Mrs. John Trethowan for her daughter Jacqueline, who intends to study medicine. Mrs. Trethowan was taking everything in her stride, while her husband expressed his opinion about being a Deb's Mum: "Every woman bringing out a daughter should employ a filing clerk and a first-class secretary or two." But his wife didn't agree: "You have simply got to keep your filing situation in your



College quadrangle, glimpsed through arch, shows signs of preparations for the Week (which dates back to 1909)

TRINITY WEEK

PHOTOGRAPHS: CHARLES C. FENNELL

Dublin's famous university staged its lively annual festivities with the usual blend of high spirits and solemnity



head. You can be two men short for a dinner party one minute, and three girls extra the next. There's no time for getting anything down on paper."

The Canadian Women's Club: The Dowager Marchioness of Reading turned out to be the perfect guest speaker at the Dominion Day dinner at the Savoy (at which Countess Alexander of Tunis presided). Lady Reading had traversed Canada from coast to coast years ago in one of the early tin-lizzies, "tied together with bits of string." But this didn't prevent her enjoying the "deep thrill of the Rockies" and the moonlight on "wonderful shimmering Banff." It was a vivid speech.



Miss Jacqueline Trethowan with her father at the dance given for her at the Dorchester



The Trinity regatta was held on the Liffey and produced the usual duckings. Going in here: W. H. Zair, cox of the Junior Eight who triumphed over Queen's University, Belfast



The Trinity Ball was held in the examination hall. Sitting out here: Miss Elisabeth Osvald (from Sweden) and Mr. Herbert Sternberg, from Austria



Invoking a Trinity Week tradition, two students (Miss Helga Atkinson and the Hon. Andrew Bonar Law, younger son of Lord Coleraine) played marbles on the chapel steps



At the College Races, distinguished spectators included Mr. Sean T. O'Kelly, outgoing Irish President (*centre*), and the British Ambassador, Sir Alexander Clutterbuck, seen listening to the Provost, Dr. A. J. McConnell



Right: A garden party was given by the Elizabethan Society in the Fellows Garden. Among the guests were Miss Carol Challen (a scholar of Trinity), Mr. Jan Kaminski, Mr. Richard Croft and Mr. Nicholas Tolstoy



Desmond O'Neill

Mr. S. Gilbey drove his own drag from Roehampton to Hurlingham for the 150th meet of the Coaching Club. Muriel Bowen and Mr. J. Page were among his passengers



Girl footman, Miss S. Payne. There is a shortage of men for this job but in the background the horseless carriage has its attendant guardian



Sir Dymoke White, Bt., president of the Coaching Club, led the drive to Hurlingham with the Marchioness of Exeter

MURIEL BOWEN *continued*

Apsley House, London home of the Duke of Wellington, who received the guests with Sir Hugh Beaver. The party, brilliantly arranged by Lieut-Gen. Sir Kenneth Loch, was in the evening, which meant pretty ball gowns and lots of jewels. The Duchess of Gloucester wore her handsome emeralds.

But conversation got off on some expected tracks. Silver-maned, Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Salmond started it when he talked about Wellington in the 1890s when he was there. "I got plenty of beatings," he said, "but when I knew that there was one coming up I always slipped a copybook underneath."

Air Marshal the Earl of Bandon, C.-in-C. of the Far East Air Force, said his technique was better. "I was thrashed like hell at Wellington," he recalled, "but I always wore *The Times*."

Medals and decorations gleamed—every generation of Wellingtonians produces a bevy of great soldiers. But it may not always be so. "Not so many of our boys are going into the Army now," said Mr. Graham Stainforth, the Master. "More and more of them are going into the City, and into business. I think you will find it an all-over trend with the public schools."

I RIDE ON A BOX

Another anniversary. This time the 150th Meet of the Coaching Club at Roehampton, with a drive through Richmond Park to dinner at Hurlingham. It was a thrill to ride on the box of Mr. Sebastian Gilbey's lemon-and-chocolate private drag and study the skill with which he drove his team through the traffic. Once it was a matter of three inches between the horses' noses and a double-decker bus on a turn. Neither saw any reason to slow down in deference to the other. "Horses have to get used to this sort of thing in London," explained Mr. Gilbey.

As president of the club, Sir Dymoke White led the procession of gaily coloured coaches. After dinner the Marquess of Exeter regaled the gathering with stories about the Burghley blue coaches on a private railway line that once came near to sinking the family fortunes.

THAT TENNIS WEATHER

We can make the surprising boast of having had the world's best weather over the last few months. But it didn't suit everybody. Said 82-year-old Lord Iliffe at the International Lawn Tennis Club dinner at the Royal Automobile Club: "I hope you have enjoyed your tennis, but as a farmer I shall be ruined."

Twenty-nine nations were represented at the dinner. Sir Norman & Lady Brookes from Australia were there, Lady Crosfield and her son Paul, and Mr. Fred Perry who was greeting an old friend, Mr. Nigel Sharpe. "Oh, there you are Nigel, and a hard man you were to get a ball past on the Centre Court!"

M. Jean Borotra of France, who has been playing at Wimbledon since the 1920s, was kissing ladies' hands with Gallic grace—but he was avoiding shaking hands with the men. "It's my right wrist is to blame," he said. "It has served me well for 40 years but now it's in a bad way."



Desmond O'Neill

POLO

The boom continues in
cloudless weather
brings out the crowds



P. C. Palmer

Mrs. J. J. D. Alberdi watched tournament in which her husband played for the Cholmondeley



Prince Philip and Colonel the Marquess Douro played in the Windsor Park team



The Queen watched Prince Philip play and later attended the Irish Guards' cocktail party



Right: The Earl of Brecknock played for Cowdray Park, winners of the Royal Windsor Cup

WINDSOR PARK

A Guards party after play

Mrs. Hayter with Major Archie David, captain of Friar Park polo team, and Mrs. David



Mr. Robin Abel Smith (he trains horses at Newmarket) with débutante Miss Virginia Lyon



CIRENCESTER PARK

Oxfordshire side wins new trophy



Mr. Robin Kemp with Miss Margaret Holder at Cirencester, where the Foxhunters' Cup was won by Cheshire



Lady Rose Macdonald-Buchanan (her husband was umpiring) with her children Fiona and Serena



Earl and Countess Bathurst. Barton Abbey won the newly inaugurated Gerald Balding Memorial Cup event



Princess Alexandra, whose 7-week Australian tour begins in Canberra on Friday, is the latest Royal traveller in one of the busiest fly-away years since the war. (Royal journeys have so far included visits to Scandinavia, Canada & the U.S.A. by the Queen & Prince Philip, Portugal, Rome & Jersey, by Princess Margaret, & Northern Nigeria by the Duke & Duchess of Gloucester.) The 22-year-old Princess, who toured Latin America with her mother the Duchess of Kent last spring, is making her first solo State visit. She will attend the Queensland centenary celebrations and tour Victoria & New South Wales. Cecil Beaton photographed her on the eve of departure in a dress of turquoise satin with matching pearl & diamond embroidery.

TALENT

When a French diplomat marries, that's what he seems to go for . . .

A REPORT FROM PARIS
BY ST. JOHN DONN-BYRNE

HAVING REACHED A POINT IN A PARTICULARLY harrowing novel called *Ni Sains Ni Saufs* by Jacqueline Savéria, it became borne on me that the writer was no other than Mme. Francis Huré whose distinguished face, of ivory skin and lively brown eyes, I have seen at almost exactly similar cocktail parties in New York, Paris and London. Francis Huré was for several years at the French Embassy in London. From this I reflected on an interesting trend among French diplomats to marry decorative wives who have the cleverness, the impulse and the will to make separate professional lives for themselves outside the immediate diplomatic pale. Some paint, some write. Others photograph, sculpt, or just make things, including money. Let us see who comes to mind. . . .

MME. HURÉ, Corsican, is an army officer's daughter who was sent by the Gestapo to Ravensbruck. She was one of a handful of survivors selected for particular ill-treatment. She has the Légion d'Honneur and the Croix de Guerre. She began to write in the Far East, married a diplomat and went to America with him. Now she is in Conakry, the capital of what was until recently French Guinea, M. Huré being the Chargé d'Affaires to the newly-independent government.

Ni Sains Ni Saufs (the phrase for safe and sound also exists in France) is about women survivors in, and of, a concentration camp. It ran close to winning the Prix des Ambassadeurs in which a committee of 22 French ambassadors judge what book best represents certain French qualities of literature and spirit.

ROSE VINCENT is the editor of a magazine called *La Femme Pratique* and a longtime regular contributor to women's magazines. Her subject is children of which she has three. Busy and grey-eyed, she is the wife of Jean Daniel Jurgensen, now posted to the Quai d'Orsay. One of her children was born



CLAUDE ORCIVAL



in New York when her husband was on the French delegation to the United Nations. Her general thesis about children is that no general thesis covers everything. Then she considers that children fall into categories . . . the phlegmatic, the sentimental, the nervous and so on. Recognize the category and then treat according to type, she advises. She

has developed this theme in a book called *Comment Connaitre Votre Enfant* which she wrote with psychiatrist Roger Muccheli.

Mme. Jurgensen was trained as a scientist. She met her husband at university where he was passing his examinations to go into diplomacy. War came, then disaster, and he resigned rather than serve the Vichy government. The family connection with journalism began when he joined with others to start the clandestine *Défense de la France* which is now *France Soir*.

I have just been reading Mme. Jurgensen, in *Elle*, on the subject of alcoholism in children. She tells of babies being suckled on wine, of fond grandmothers giving sugar dipped in brandy to others hardly big enough to crawl to the table. She does not ask too much, applauding the fact that no wine is given with meals at school to children under 14. She blames parental thinking on the lines that wine is essential to children's health and that it would be a pretty cruel mother who let her little daughter skip off to school on a frosty morning without a fortifying slug of calvados. All this may seem strange across the Channel where the toddler-

age tosspot must be something of a rarity, but here Mme. Jurgensen can bring some horrific statistics to bear.

YOLAIN DE SCHONEN is a painter who specializes more and more in broad panoramic designs for wall and screen. Her husband, Baron Albert de Schonen, now goes to work on crutches, having broken his leg in a car crash which has put his wife in hospital. All that will pass but it is a bad moment. Yolaine de Schonen lives in fashionable circumstances in the 16th arrondissement but she has a studio on the left bank where normally she paints all day and very attractively. One of ten children, she studied art in Paris, worked for a publicity firm, and went to Bangkok where her husband was Chargé d'Affaires. The nature of the country appealed to her strong sense of colour and composition and she would sit for hours painting the landscape, her progress watched in brown-eyed wonder by villagers who came to see.

She will absorb a scene mentally for days and then suddenly paint it out of her mind in a few hours at her studio. She has a handsome four-year-old son.

In Bangkok she gave an exhibition of her paintings, one of which was of a voluptuous nude, seated and looking nothing but strictly female. As this was painted before she married it was signed in her maiden name . . . Y. de la Rochefoucauld. A Siamese art critic looked at the painting and the signature for some time, then said: "How curious. I had always thought la Rochefoucauld was a man!"

CLAUDE ORCIVAL is the wife of Alain Peyrefitte and the author of two successful novels. Her husband is a diplomat but at the last election became a deputy. He is thus out of the service but not necessarily for ever as in France there is no sens unique between parliament and the embassies. Please do not confuse him with his cousin (distant) Roger Peyrefitte who has also written novels.

Mme. Peyrefitte would not agree that her novel-writing is an activity apart from her husband's as she says she would not write a page without discussing it with him. He is, she insists, her encouragement when in doubt, her stimulus when she flags.

As she would have it, he practically writes the books, but a reading of them shows them clearly to be a product of her own feminine sensitive mind. Orcival, a pen name,



YOLAIN DE SCHONEN

is chosen from a village in Auvergne where she spent an impressionable time of her youth and it brings pleasant thoughts to her. Claude, she chose as being sexless to include a share of credit for her husband. Her two books are *Ton Pays est Mon Pays* and *Le Compagnon*, its sequel. They both were most enthusiastically received by the critics.

MARIVIC CHARPENTIER is the author of a witty book about Russia *L'Ours en Pantoufles* which represents two phases in her life, spent in Moscow. The first was as the daughter of the ambassador and the second as the wife of a diplomat en poste. Her husband Pierre Charpentier is now at the Quai d'Orsay and was previously ambassador to Greece. To situate Mme. Charpentier further, her brother is Hervé Alphand, the French Ambassador in Washington. Her father was for two years Minister in Dublin, and to this period she owes her brilliant English—and her sister Mrs. Fitzgerald owes her husband who is commercial councillor at the Irish Embassy here. She lives in a house in the Boulevard de Beausejour which belonged to her great-grandfather whose large and hideous statue stands in the Avenue Foch, the inscription just saying "Alphand directeur de travaux de Paris". He held this office when Baron Haussman was chopping his boulevards through the city and he laid out the Bois de Boulogne. He had good taste in houses too.

Mariivic Charpentier took a degree in Russian at the Paris school of oriental languages and later spent a year at Moscow university. Her book makes no play with politics. She has three sons, one of whom is at the French Lycée in London. She is also something of an expert on children's problems. At the present moment she is as Ezra Pound once put it "undergoing a novel" but not so that you would notice it.

And these are by no means all. MME. HOPPENOT, whose husband was head of the French delegation to the United Nations, is a well-known photographer. LESLEY BLANCH, author of *The Wilder Shores of Love*, is married to Romain Gary, French Consul-General in San Francisco, himself a noted writer and winner of the Prix Goncourt. MME. BROUSTRA, whose husband is Ambassador in Belgrade, is a painter. MME. BOBBIE DE MARGERIE is a biologist. French diplomats tend, I say, to marry gifted wives.



JACQUELINE SAERENS



ROSE VINCENT



MARIVIC CHARPENTIER



THE ROSE IN THE POT: In a smaller form the rose adapts to potted plant life. A Margaret Poulsen polyanthus rose from Constance Spry costs 12s.



ROSES WHILE YOU WASH: Typical of the outlandish places where the rose turns up is the bathroom. These rosy French fittings are in Porcelaine de Paris. Prices: handbasin, £8 18s. 6d.; carafe and tumbler 57s. 6d. From the General Trading Company, Grantham Place, W.1

Roses v. rose-growers (by one of them) . . .

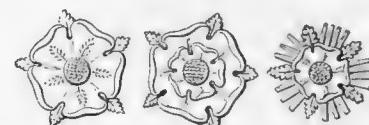
THREE ARE all sorts of fads and fancies that rosarians believe in, and it is one of the wonders of gardening, in my view, that the plant has been so successful in acclimatizing itself to the various follies of the people who grow it. The reason, of course, is that the rose has a pretty lengthy history; fossil-roses about 26 million years old have been discovered, so that the species has had a long time in which to develop protection against the mistakes that the human race makes in trying to grow it.—From *My Life With Roses* by Harry Wheateroff (Odhams, 30s.). His niece Anne (right) was photographed at this year's Chelsea show with a bloom named after her

ROSES, ROSES, ALL THE WAY...

A seasonal anthology in words and pictures about the flower that excites poets, delights lovers, inspires designers, charms the houseproud, and challenges gardeners. It's a bloom that flourishes far from the flowerbed, as many of these items show . . .

The emblematic rose

The regular shape of the rose invites stylized versions like the jewellery (left) and the heraldic dog roses (below). The jewellery, by Kutchinsky, has gold leaves & ruby & diamond centres. (Prices: Ear-rings, £82 10s., ring, £42 10s.)





THE ROSE IN A FRAME: A book of Redouté prints like this one tends to get raided—the torn-out pages make such effective framed pictures. Many of the roses that Redouté painted have now been hybridized out of existence

Roses at the shows

Final flourish of the rose year, following the Windsor Rose Show—in the private grounds of the Castle—and other summer exhibitions, falls on 11 & 12 September. Then new rose varieties compete for Gold Medal awards in the National Rose Society's autumn show at the Royal Horticultural Society's Halls at Westminster

Roses on the cover



*At the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens at Wisley, Alan Vines photographed nine varieties of rose. From top (l. to r.): Floribunda Frensham; Hybrid Musk Penelope; Spinossima Frühlingsmorgen; 2nd row: *HT Mme. Edouard Herriot; HT Mr. Wemyss Quin; HT Mrs. G. A. van Rossem; 3rd row: HT Ena Harkness; HT Violinista Costa; HT George Dickson
HT=Hybrid Tea



WHOSE HANDS, WHOSE ROSE?
*The Queen's, the Queen's,
photographed at the Chelsea
Flower Show*

Roses in rhyme

In verse the rose is the supreme floral species, invaluable for likening heroines to. From the vast poetry of roses, we select:

A WHITE ROSE . . .

*The red rose whispers of passion,
And the white rose breathes of
love;
Oh, the red rose is a falcon
And the white rose is a dove.*

*But I send you a cream-white
rosebud
With a flush on its petal tips;
For the love that is purest and
sweetest
Has a kiss of desire on the lips.*

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

Fashion-wise roses

Summery cabbage roses bloom in beige-grey on this full-length housecoat in nylon chiffon, sketched by Mardie Madden. Price: 12½ gns. By Angela Gore, at Marshall & Snelgrove



ROSES, ROSES, ALL THE WAY *continued*



The English Rose

Girl with the English Rose face is Lady Dalkeith (above), wearing roses in her hair at the viewing of her well known Academy portrait by John Merton. The artist liberally decorated the painting with roses. Right: Another twist on roses at eye level, a single pale lilac cabbage-rose to a hat in blonde on navy net. A Peter Shepherd hat at Woollands. To order at 21 gns.

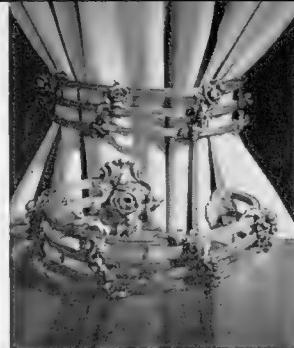
Rose petals for the bride

THEY make a charming custom—but since last year a risky one. For under the new Litter Act throwing confetti on the public highway can cost you a £10 fine. So could rose petals. The only safe spot to throw them now is in the churchyard, provided the vicar agrees. But as many vicars understandably don't relish sweeping up the debris themselves, it looks as though petals are on the way out.

Tea roses



An antique French early-morning tea set partners a matching tray in rose-patterned porcelain. Price: £7, from Marguerite D'Arcy, York Street, W.1

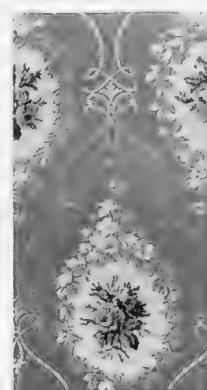


An elaborate carved rose rounds off one end of this pair of curtain tie-backs (above) from Hamish, 335 Fulham Road, S.W.10, an exceptionally fine antique shop which aims at the unusual in furniture, china and glass, in both English and Continental late 18th and early 19th centuries. The tie-backs are carved in golden laminated walnut of the Louis Philippe period. Price: the pair £20. Curtain material from Sandersons.

Knots of roses and other flowers encircle this tall Victorian lampstand, from a selection of antique and modern lamps at Marguerite d'Arcy, 75 York Street, W.1. The stand is of apple green opaline glass, on a black and brass base. The roses are pale pink and white. Price: 25 gns. There is a variety of shades to choose from, priced separately from the lamps. The one shown here is a drum of pale green linen.

Rose-printed materials. Some of the prettiest dress fabrics this summer are covered with roses. Jane Halkin, 9 West Halkin Street, S.W.1, have a wide range of dress fabrics—many exclusive to them. The Redouté rose appears in a cotton satin, at 29s. 6d. per yard. A feather-light wild silk material with a background of bottle green covered with pink rosebuds and stiff leaves also costs 29s. 6d. But, in late summer, brocades spring to mind for evening wear, and Jane Halkin have one in their range specially made for them. Its background is emerald and black, and pin-pointed against this are tiny roses in a brighter green. 48 in. wide, price: 39s. 6d. (also in other colours). Skirts of generous proportions can be made to order here for 3 gns. Jane Halkin's have a wide range, but their stocks are limited, to ensure individuality.

Roses framed with roses cover this hand-painted wallpaper by Sandersons, who have some exceptionally pretty rose-festooned designs. This one has a background of pale olive, with roses of grey on white in the frames surrounded by roses that tone into the



... The rose trail is taken up by

COUNTER SPY

ESPIONAGE: MINETTE SHE
MICROFILM: NEIL PEPPER

background. The whole paper being highlighted by pale gold. Price: per roll: £6 18s. 2d. (including purchase tax). Identical rose sprays on both chintz and net curtains make for co-ordinated prettiness in a room. Designed by Olive Sullivan for the Edinburgh Weavers, the chintz has roses in smoke-blue and grey on a glazed white ground, the net curtains are in Terylene woven with roses in white. Woollands, Knightsbridge, and J. J. Allen, Bournemouth. Prices: the chintz 23s.; the net 36s. per yard, both 48 inches wide.

Pictures of roses (or any other flower) is a speciality of the Three Shields Gallery, 8 Holland Street, W.8. They have framed prints of various of the Redouté roses, price: 3 gns. Also framed oil paintings of roses at about 15 gns, as well as watercolours at about 5 gns. Besides the pictures on display in the gallery, Three Shields will take commissions for watercolours or oil paintings of flowers. They also take orders for children's portraits by their artist, Dorothy Colles. Three Shields have a lively collection of greeting cards, featuring flowers and other subjects, and a small selection of hand-thrown pottery, glass and woodwork. Any small order for lettered and illustrated pictures, bookmarks or special greeting cards can be carried out by this individual little gallery.



Hand-painted sprays of pink rambler roses and other flowering creepers and hedgerow flowers decorate this pair of Italian toilet, or bon-bon, jars in white ceramic. They are exclusive to Harrods, and available in their gift department. Price: 1 gn. each.



FILMS

BY ELSPETH GRANT

Snow White again—slightly thawed

MR. WALT DISNEY HAS OBVIOUSLY spared no expense in order to bring his latest full-length cartoon, *Sleeping Beauty*, slap up to date on the technical side: it comes to you in all the glory of Todd-AO, Technirama 70, Technicolor and six-channel stereophonic sound. It seems a great pity, then, that Mr. Disney has not advanced a single step artistically since *Snow White*. The colour has the same five-and-ten-cent crudity, the comedy characters the same vulgarity. The human figures are still atrociously drawn—the heroine a doll-faced ninny, the hero a wooden all-American-college-boy type—and the woods are full of grinning jack-rabbits, saucer-eyed owls, cutey little chipmunks, busy-busy bluebirds.

I'll admit that the wicked witch (well spoken by Miss Eleanor Audley) has a certain ghoulish elegance and radiates a stylish malevolence—and I will concede that Mr. Disney's conception of the Good Fairies as a trio of cosy but courageous middle-aged "bodies" is a happy one and certainly the fire-breathing Dragon of Evil which the hero slays with the Sword of Truth could scarcely be more ferocious. It must also be allowed that Mr. Disney tells the familiar story in a forthright and exciting way, without too much embroidery. Still, on the whole, dear, artistically it's Hell!

Or so I would say—but maybe that Mr. Disney knows what he is up to and understands better than

I do the requirements or limitations of the audience for which he is catering. Two dear and beautifully brought-up little boys of five and seven who saw the film with me sat back panting with pleasure at the end of it—and their considered opinion on the film is: "It was SUPER!"

Mr. Frank Capra, of whom we had heard nothing for far too long, makes a comeback with *A Hole In The Head*—a human comedy directed with the charm and humour one still expects from the man whose masterpieces, *It Happened One Night*, *Mr. Deeds Goes To Town* and *You Can't Take It With You*, endeared him to us in the 1930s.

Mr. Frank Sinatra, wringing the vinegar out of his disposition and shaking the chip from his shoulder, gives a warm and appealing performance as a feckless Florida hotel proprietor who is threatened with eviction over a debt of 5,000 dollars. He has a young son, Master Eddie Hodges, to whom he is devoted and for whose sake he wants to hang on to the hotel—but he also has a girl-friend (oh! I should have said he is a widower) and she keeps pestering him to leave the place.

Miss Carolyn Jones, who plays this part, draws a sharp sketch of a female beatnik—the sort of girl who, evading every responsibility, sees herself as "a wild bird," lives promiscuously in other people's nests and expresses herself best and loudest on the bongo-drums at any time after midnight. Mr. Sinatra goes for this boring type in a big



2

THREE RECENT FILMS

1. Peter Sellers as the Duchess of Grand Fenwick, one of his three roles in the British comedy *The Mouse That Roared*

2. Ian Carmichael (of *Private's Progress* and *Brothers-In-Law*) canvasses as a Tory candidate in *Left, Right & Centre*

3. Orson Welles as the choleric captain of a ferryboat in *Ferry to Hong Kong*. His cigar has just blown up

Louis Bellson's "Flamingo" album on Columbia, and Sonny Stitt's sharply rhythmic and beautifully arranged album for Vogue; the latter group boasts a handful of Basie men in its well-chosen ranks.

Mae Barnes has joined forces with trumpeter Buck Clayton for a delightful blues-based E.P. Miss Barnes is really a cabaret artist—do you remember her appearances at The Colony some years ago with Garland Wilson? She knows how to deal with a point number, and slips into her sophisticated blues style without pretension.

Summer is to me the straw-hat season, and that means one man only when it comes to music. Yes—Maurice Chevalier, who at 70 is as sprightly as ever. His American-made album is yet further proof that he has lost none of his charm with the years.

continued overleaf



RECORDS

BY GERALD LASCELLES

Spare a tear for this band

DIZZY GILLESPIE WAS ONCE QUOTED as saying, "Jazz is too good for Americans." Apparently, the trumpeter decided that the same dictum did not apply to Greece, which he included in part of an extensive tour of southern Europe and the Middle East three years ago. When "Dizzy in Greece" was recorded, his big band was at the peak of its prowess and success, and his tour received the full backing and sponsorship of the American State Department. His music is much busier and more complicated than,

for instance, Basie's, but it possesses tremendous drive. One could fairly say that the accent is on the arranger's talent, although the album is not devoid of solo spots. It was sad that this fine group was forced to break up, when it showed so much promise in keeping up the tradition of big band music.

Some weeks ago I mentioned a new pianist, Ahmad Jamal, whose playing bears a strong resemblance to that of Erroll Garner. Jamal has the same lyrical approach, picks out unlikely themes, and

moulds them to a style in which his meandering right hand predominates. I detect, however, a lack of strength in his bass. His latest album on London is worth hearing, but it will take more than this piece to convince me that Garner has a serious rival.

Erroll's "Paris Impressions" are flippant, carefree, and imbued with that triumphant beat which characterises most of his piano work. For the first time he has attempted jazz at the harpsichord—a tricky project at the best of times. The two specially written pieces on this record prove that his lack of formal music training is little handicap to him.

Wilbur de Paris's stereophonic album of boisterous Dixieland pieces recorded at Boston's Symphony Hall holds my attention in competition with such spicy music as the Jimmy Raney "Attitudes" on H.M.V., drummer

way but, on account of his boy, is not prepared to fly off with her and, to use her expression, "let the wind blow."

In desperation, Mr. Sinatra telephones his elder brother for a loan: the brother, a solid, stodgy New York merchant (Mr. Edward G. Robinson), who has been taken for a ride by Mr. Sinatra on many another occasion, arrives with his kindly wife (Miss Thelma Ritter) to survey the situation. They have two suggestions to make—one, that they should take his son to New York to live with them, and, two, that Mr. Sinatra should marry a nice widow whom they know and settle down in a small store in a small town on capital provided by Mr. Robinson.

Mr. Sinatra, hoping for a little cash on account, accepts the second suggestion—but when he meets the widow (Miss Eleanor Parker) he finds her a far too charming and genuine person to use simply as a means of obtaining a loan. He will have to find some other way of raising the money. Though he never does, there is a happy ending. Perhaps there is a shade too much sugar in Mr. Capra's cooking, this time—but I think you will agree that the film is an agreeable specimen of the sentimental comedy.



BOOKS

BY SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

The girl who loved a curate

THIS IS BECOMING SOMETHING OF a special year for biographies of extraordinary women. After *Mistress to an Age*, the superb portrait of Madame de Staél, come two biographies of a young woman who, strangely enough, has never before had a biography to herself: the youngest of the three sisters, giants, gentle tigresses with white-hot hearts, who went about disguised as governesses, the Brontës.

Of the two biographies—*Anne Bronte*, by Winifred Gerin and *Anne Brontë: Her Life And Work* by Ada Harrison and Derek Stanford, the first seems to me the more substantial, disciplined and better written book, and I would have loved and admired it absolutely had it not been for a certain flowering of exclamation marks for which I have a personal loathing bordering on obsession.

The case for Anne is that she has hitherto been underrated, shadowed by the towering figures of her two elder sisters Charlotte and Emily. Out of her own personal and unhappy experience of life as a governess, and her loving, suffering observation of the awful decline of Branwell her brother, she wrote *Agnes Grey* and *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*. The latter book became a best-seller, mostly for the wrong reasons, and its author (Mr. "Acton Bell") was denounced in literary reviews, held to be a thoroughly scandalous fellow, and accredited with the authorship of *Wuthering Heights* and the most shocking sections of *Jane Eyre*. It was in fact a brave, passionately sincere attack on certain conventions of society, notably the one which left a woman tied to an impossible and brutal marriage.

with no personal rights whatsoever.

No matter how often they are written about, the Brontë sisters come up every time fresh and vital, their tragedy as immediate and terrible as if it happened last year, their tremendous strength and awful courage something even greater than the books they wrote. Death shadowed their lives from the beginning—their mother died when Anne was only a year old, and the children were brought up (poor Mr. Brontë having failed to find another bride) by Aunt Branwell, a good woman who was also a stern Methodist and instilled a heightened awareness of sin and sorrow into Anne, who spent a good deal of her short life brooding about forgiveness and ultimate salvation.

She loved—silently—a curate who died young. She wrote poems, and her two novels. She watched Branwell destroy himself, and her adored Emily, who was almost like a twin to her, die most terribly of tuberculosis for which she refused any kind of treatment. Finally Anne herself, asthmatic and delicate from birth, began to grow emaciated. In her case also, the tuberculosis was incurable. She asked to make a journey to York and Scarborough, places she loved; took a lonely ride in a donkey-carriage at low tide; got up and dressed herself as usual, and died with incredible calm and fortitude and serenity—not with Emily's stoic, fearful heroism, but in a manner consistent with her own personal quiet—none more self-effacing, gentle and strong for strength.

To me one of the most agonizing things about the end is that Charlotte, who had outlived mother, aunt, brother and four sisters,

spared her father Anne's funeral and returned to be greeted by two dogs—Keeper, who belonged to Emily and had followed her funeral and tried to stay behind in the church, and Flossy, Anne's pretty spaniel, sad inarticulate reminders of the amazing, radiant dead.

And *Promenade Home* is an autobiographic book by Agnes de Mille, niece of the king of epics, a formidable, forthright, courageous, witty and endearing lady. The book is about her success after years of struggle and failure, about dancers and theatre people, about *Oklahoma!*, her first great triumph, and mostly about her wartime marriage. She writes about this in the manner of her most characteristic choreography—uninhibited, emotional and vigorous—and while I find it a touch hard not to see myself in the position of embarrassed intruder upon so much highly personal revelation, it is at least all-of-a-piece with the book.

Miss de Mille is at her best when writing about the horrid growing-pains of a ballet in the making, the curious, ascetic nature of dancers, the ferocious disciplines and demands of her profession, and—a subject in which she is an advanced expert—the unresolved contemporary problems of a woman divided between her career and her private life. I enjoyed the book, even the passages where Miss de Mille's trenchant style takes wing into rarer atmospheres, and it made me wish that more choreographers were articulate about their rum, lonely, and misunderstood art.

Exquisitely illustrated by my hero Ardizzone, *The Godstone And The Blackymor* by T. A. White needs no recommendation if, like me, you are already wholly enslaved by Mr. White's unique, tireless genius. He is like no one else, bizarre and imitable, and a new White book puts me into a sort of minor delirium, a trance-state, for several days. This one is about a visit to the far west coast of Ireland, and its matter is partly holy, partly concerned with people and Mr. White's predilection for slaughtering game in an expert and poetical manner.

It filled me with the usual mixture—special to White books—of fear, admiration and amazement, and I went back straightway to *The Once And Future King* which I now read continuously in the manner of those painting the Forth Bridge.

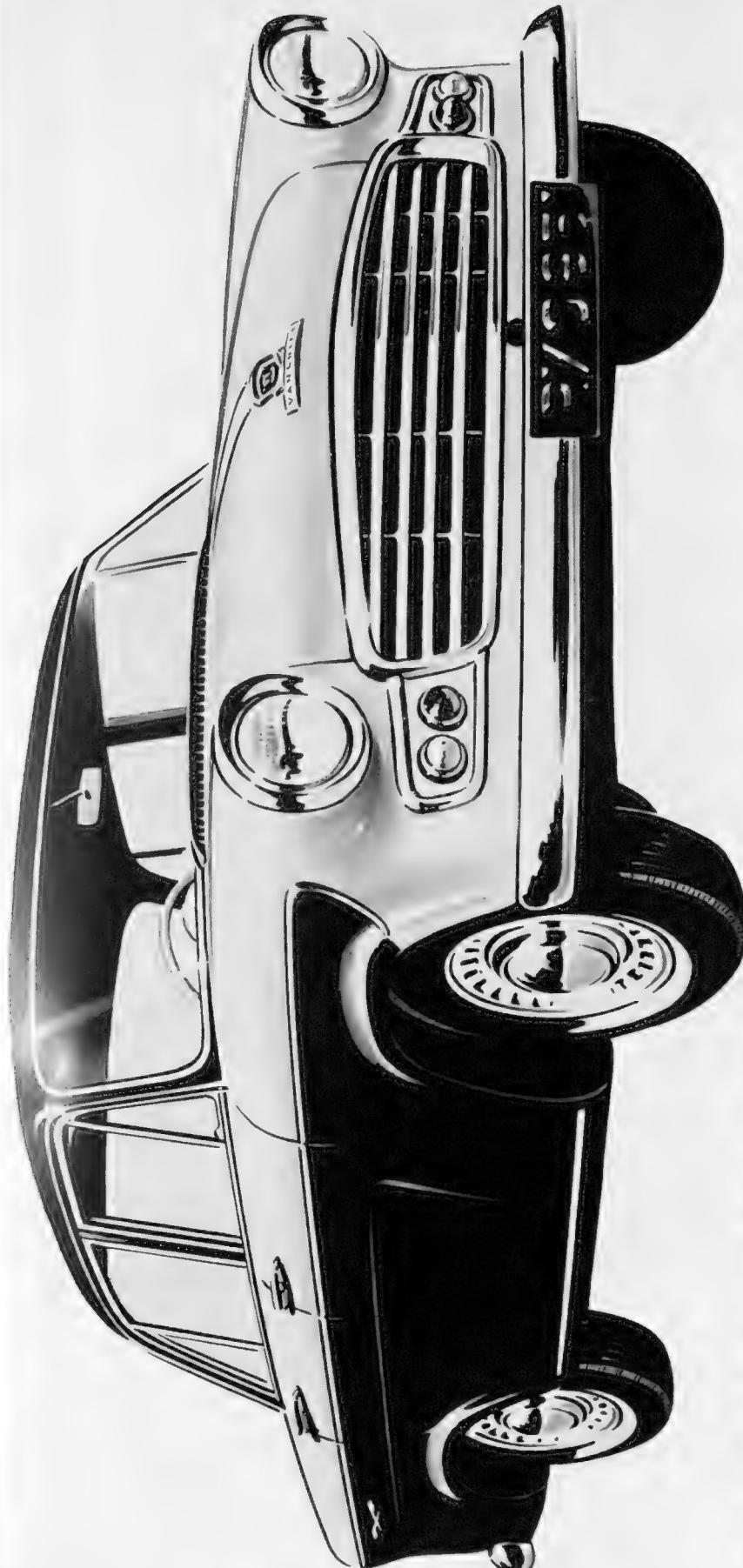
Lastly: another of my heroes, Mr. Neville Cardus, has given a jacket-blessing to *The Musical Life* by Irving Kolodin, music critic on *The Saturday Review of Literature*. I do not know anything about Mr. Kolodin, but the scholarship combined with good sense, humour, strength and a sort of vigorous generosity of spirit in this book reminds me very much of Mr. Cardus himself. He is extremely readable, and while the main matter in hand is music and musicians, one feels (I pray this will not sound pompous) that, as in the case of all the wisest critics, what one is getting is in fact a picture of one man's view of the whole of life.

With *Tom's Midnight Garden*, Cambridge born and bred Ann Philippa Pearce won a coveted honour, the Library Association's Carnegie Medal for the outstanding children's book of 1958. It was her second book, her first being *A Minnow On The Sag*.

She is a history honours graduate, works in an Oxford publishing house

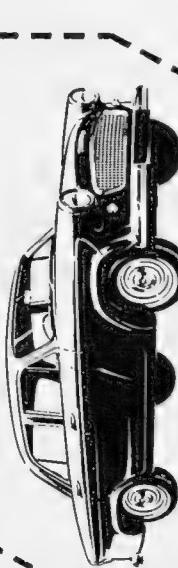


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BEAUTY



E. L. Jackson

Two views of Puff Ball by André Jules—the look is youthful but sophisticated with a wide side-swept fringe and back fullness



Late-summer looks

by JEAN
CLELAND

CURRENT cosmetics tend towards the youthful look which demands a soft, smooth skin. The main thing to guard against at this time of year is dryness, which ages the complexion. This can be avoided by using one of the special dry skin cleansers. Gentle, soothing and deeply penetrating, these are much less drying than soap and water. They not only cleanse, but lubricate, and help to draw out the acid wastes which are one of the causes of dryness.

Another way is to massage, night and morning, with a richly nutritive skin food. This feeds the skin and replaces natural oils dried out by the sun. Also effective is the use of a moisture preparation every day before putting on the powder base. There are many excellent makes on the market, and they provide one of the finest possible ways of keeping the skin dewily fresh. A new one is a moisture lotion plus vitamins, called *Satura*. Made by Dorothy Gray, it has a wonderfully reviving effect.

Treated in these ways, the skin achieves a fine smooth texture which readily accepts a young and gay make-up. Well-known beauty experts have been busy bringing out new colours and formulas for the summer season. Those who want a fashionable face would do well to take a look at them.

From Helena Rubinstein come three exciting lipstick shades in

the very latest high fashion colours. *Hot Red* is a brilliant absolutely clear red which dazzles with summer dresses and summer skin. *Amber Rose* is a soft flame-like red with a creamy golden glow—lovely with a golden tan. *Fashion Pink*—a pale, delicate pink, with a warm depth, like the heart of a rose. In addition to these, there is a new *Pearl White*, to link up with the three new colours.

Helena Rubinstein also has some new summer colours for her *Mascaramatic*, the mascara that needs no brush. These are *Charcoal Grey* and *French Blue*. Her latest gimmick is a *White Eye Shadow Stick*. Applied to the eyelid just beneath the lashes, this has the effect of making the eyes look bigger.

Perfect for the youthful look is Yardley's new *Ace of Hearts* lipstick. This is a gay but soft and appealing colour that tones with almost any shade.

Members of the Yardley Teenage Club—now nearly 40,000 strong—will feel themselves very spoilt when they receive the adorable miniature, which looks like a small pack of playing cards with the Ace of Hearts on top and the new lipstick inside. Grown-ups can get the full size *Ace of Hearts* lipstick, but for the little pack they must apply to their teen-age daughters.

Something else from Yardley's I find really exciting. This is their

new *Spraymist* which comes in a most attractive golden cylinder. A touch of the little button at the top releases the fragrance, which sprays out in the finest mist. The scent just drifts over you as lightly as a summer breeze.

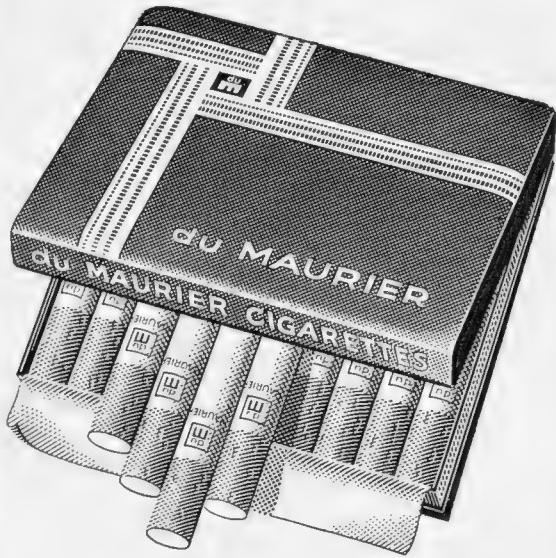
Yardley's were the first to perfect the aerosol way of using perfume in America, and there is little doubt that *Spraymist* will soon be as popular in this country. The container is light-weight, non-spill and unbreakable, and therefore ideal for taking on holiday.

Lastly, a lovely youthful hairstyle by André Jules of Knightsbridge. Called Puff Ball, it is specially designed on bouffant lines to offset slim waists. Mr. Jules began his career as a sculptor and, after studying for some years in London, went to Paris. There he learned the art of women's coiffure from a famous French hairdresser while also continuing to sculpt.

When he returned to London, he decided to combine a knowledge of sculpture with the creation of hair styles. "Because," he says, "this is a creative art, and, like fingerprints, no two women's heads are alike. Therefore, when I begin to evolve a style, I shape the hair to the individual head on which I am working. I have one principle that applies to them all, that hair should be kind to a woman, and not make a freak of her."

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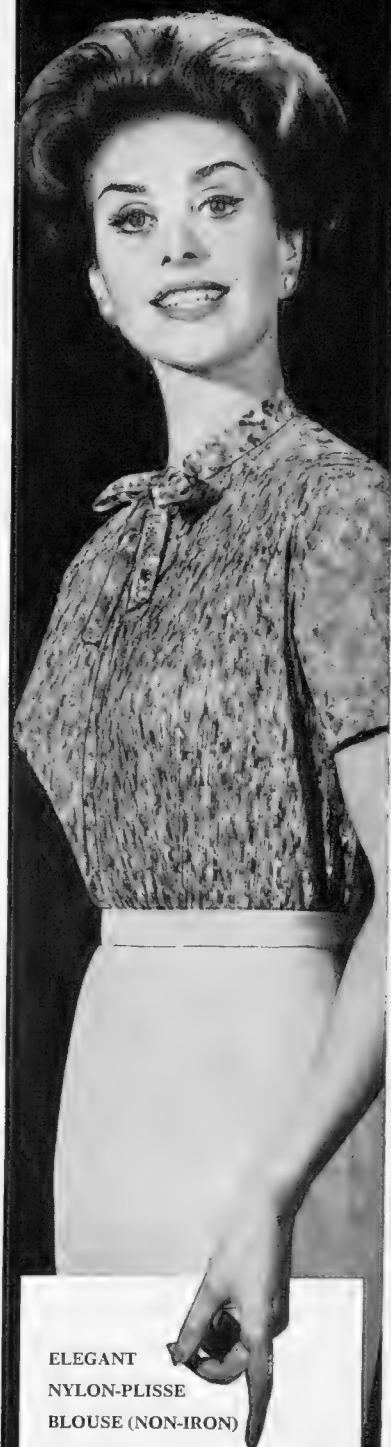
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Big buys from London's little shops



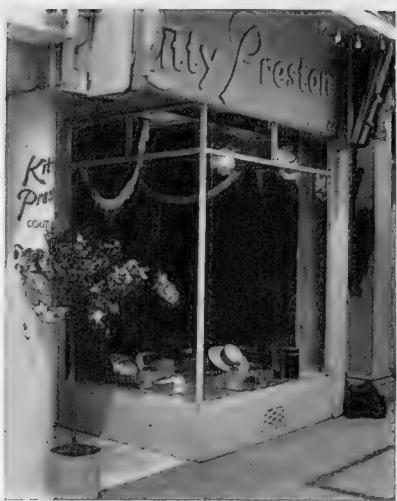
The top boutiques offer the best of British fashion and foreign imports, often in designs exclusive to them.

An at-a-glance guide to good buying is given on these and following pages



The Boutique Handel at 24 Brook Street, W.1, takes its name from the composer's house, which still stands opposite. The décor, appropriately enough, is based on a musical theme. Here you can choose from a wide selection of separates and accessories, both day and evening.

We chose a slender silk dress printed in summery greens on white, and topped by a matching widely-collared jacket. The dress is V-necked, small of sleeve. Price: 14½ gns. It can also be made to measure. Natural straw hat, 12 gns. Outsize pearl stud ear-rings, 7s. 6d.



Kitty Preston is at 22 Knightsbridge, S.W.1. Started for débutantes, the shop now also makes for their mothers, who quickly followed their daughters' footsteps.

Their collection is completely original, and Kitty Preston and her mother work from sketches, mostly using fabrics imported from Florence and Rome for their made-to-measure clothes.

We chose an uncompromisingly elegant navy-blue hopsaek suit with a cape-like neckline, rimmed and bowed in satin. Illusionary double-breasted fastening is bounded by flap pockets. It costs 42 gns.





**Big buys from
London's little shops**

continued



Joan Sheridan has a tiny shop at 198 Walton Street, S.W.1, with a surprisingly large stock. Most of her day and evening clothes can be made to measure—many are by an exclusive wholesale couturier called Cockayne who will adapt designs and offer a choice of materials.

We chose a dress by Cockayne that is all delicious fragility in filmy white nylon *plissé bouclé*, gleaming with a woven satin stripe. The bodice takes a light frothing of lace, a shallow neck and demurely long sleeves, the waist a huge crimson rose with a bowed belt beneath and a crisp switch of skirt. Price: 18½ gns.



Young Idea at 83 Duke Street, S.W.1, is run by Mrs. Adler—an American with a flair for choosing young and beautiful clothes. Prices start at 4½ gns. and soar to 64 gns. Mrs. Adler imports from America, and some small but exclusive English houses make specially for her. A made-to-measure service is available.

We chose a shadow-striped white muslin dress in an accustomed guise, demure and young, with a flowering of pink *appliquéd* roses. The smooth bodice with deeply curving neck is capped with minute notched sleeves and gives way to a gentle spread of skirt. A Sophie Devine model, made to measure for 18½ gns. The necklet spaced with glittering crystals costs 3 gns.



Tracy is the name of a *chic*, Continentally-minded shop at 70 New Bond Street. Here can be found sophisticated beachwear, knitted suits and dresses and a vast range of separates. Many of the clothes will be found only at Tracy and all have been chosen with a discriminating eye.

We chose an Italian white knitted dress, earmarked for the traditionally chaney English summer.

Belted in tangerine or lilac with a disciplined skirtful of crisp pleating, it costs 14½ gns. From a collection of French jewellery, chunky gilt bracelets cost 4 gns. each. The bag is a polished perfection of scarlet and black leather, stiffly handled and beautifully shaped. It costs 15 gns.



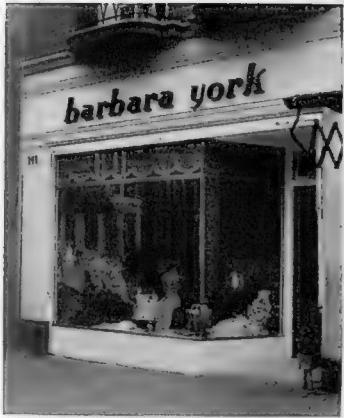
Pia of Venice brings Italian fashion to 45 South Molton Street, W.1. Here there is a profusion of knitwear, scarves, chunky jewellery, slacks and pure silk shirts in subtle colours, casual wear and swimwear—all the delicious things for which Italy is famed.

We chose deep-blue pure-silk pants, lean and fully lined (7 gns.), allied to a shirt in parma-violet silk shantung (5 gns.). Meeting point: the sash-like belt of white kid (3 gns.)

Big buys from London's little shops

continued





Barbara York, newly-opened in the Earls Court Road, caters for the second Chelsea which is emerging in the converted lanes and byways that stretch behind her shop to the Air Terminal. Casuals and resort wear, accessories, handbags, belts, zany hats—all would be welcome additions to pack away in your case for a Continental holiday.

We chose for the holiday beachcomber a piqué jacket imported from Nice. Azure-blue roses bloom hazily on a white ground in this zip-fronted jacket which just bares the briefest of pale blue shorts. Prices: £3 12s. 6d., £1 15s.

Silk for long, light days



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER ALEXANDER



Silk shapes up for summer in a dress stemmed with beige-grey roses on a storm-blue ground (*opposite*). The wide belt set on a slender skirt catches a sweep of fabric which falls from the shallow neck. Complete lining promotes resistance to creases. Price: 9 gns. Graded pearl rope linked with gilt, 15s. 9d. Matching pearl ear-rings, 10s. 6d.

Above: Crisply cut dress and jacket, both lined, in powder-blue silk for all-day locations. The jacket bares to a fitting sheath with a cut-away neck and a minimum of sleeve. Price: 12 gns. The triple-row pearl necklace is in shades of coffee to beige, 12s. 6d. Matching ear-rings, 2s. 6d. All clothes and accessories from Harvey Nichols' Little Shop.

The narrowly brimmed cloche (*above left*), in vivid rose-red straw with a sparkling white band, costs £4 18s. 6d., from Harvey Nichols





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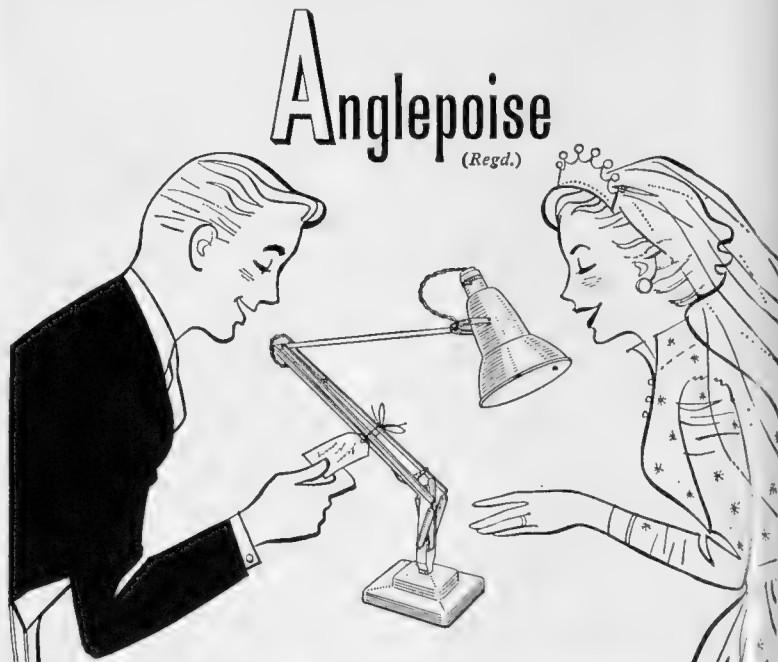
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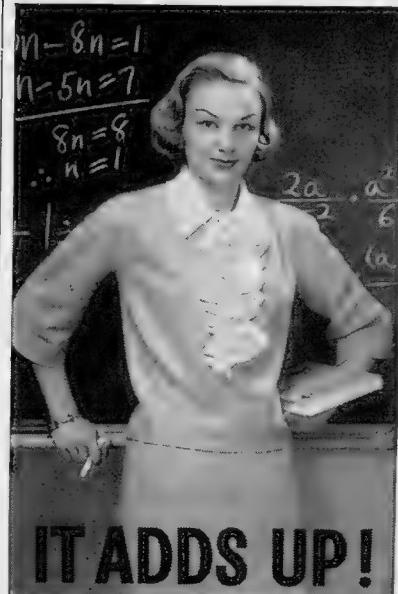
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PASSPORT—a weekly travel column

Points of departure

by DOONE BEAL

TRAVELLING overland in Europe, either by train or by car, you are almost bound—initially or finally—to find yourself pacing the quayside of a French channel port.

I remember with what delight I greeted the news, after a day's motoring through Normandy to Le Havre, that the wind had reached gale force and the ship was unable to sail for Southampton that night.

What could be nicer than the prospect of one more superb dinner on French soil? And what else was there to do but enjoy it?

At the beginning of your holiday, you are all geared to hurry on out of port. At the end of it, however, a certain Shrove Tuesday spirit of gastronomic and financial recklessness prevails. With such a mood in mind, I have compiled a short list of restaurants, ranging from the economical to the frankly splashy.

In Dunkirk there is the luxurious Henri IV, and the slightly more modest XIX Siècle. Both have a Michelin star for food, and both have a few rooms in which to stay if you need to spend the night.

Calais is not the happiest of places in which to spend any time, you might imagine. But that is reckoning without the Meurice, an hotel which is the pride of Monsieur Maupin. He presides over one of the most celebrated kitchens (and cellars) in the whole of northern France. Try his *jambon* cooked in Mersault. Not cheap!

Boulogne boasts a peer among railway station restaurants; the

Gare Maritime provides a first-class meal at around 1,000 francs, with the additional advantage of being so close to the quay that you can drain your calvados to the last drop without the neurosis of clock-watching.

Dieppe is the birthplace of the fabulous *sole Dieppoise*. Among many, an extremely reasonable restaurant of note is the Moderne, in the Arcades Poissonnière.

St. Malo has a variety of hotels and restaurants from which to choose. One of the cheapest and best is the Duchess Anne, in the Place Chateaubriand.

In Le Havre, the Brasserie des Voyageurs, attached to the hotel of the same name, is good value. For a final gastronomic, financially profligate fling, try the Monaco in the rue de Paris, or the Grand Large in the Boulevard Albert (both have Michelin stars).

Cherbourg is, for some reason, less well endowed with good eating places than some of the other ports, but at Le Toque Blanche in rue Marechal Foch, you will find a good meal for around 800 francs (at present rate of exchange, only 12s.).

Too hurried and complicated to dine in port, it is quite an idea to buy a picnic in one of the *charcuteries* ashore, instead of eating (and not always well) on the boat. Friends of mine recently hit on the brilliant idea of taking a bottle of iced champagne with them to accompany the picnic. They kept it chilled in a plastic bag full of ice,

secured at the top with rubber bands, wrapped in layers of newspaper and finally laid oblique in a basket.

Travelling by train through France, many people like to save time by going overnight, and save money by taking a couchette instead of a full-scale sleeper. Frankly, I spent a most uncomfortable night in one of these, but largely because I dismissed as eccentric some useful and proven advice on the finer points of couchette comfort. I therefore pass it on to other sensitive sleepers: Equip yourself with a large cotton handkerchief to tuck over the somewhat abrasive blankets at chin level; a bottle of mineral water against thirst (the compartments do get stuffy); and perhaps a sleeping pill against the elangour of re-coupling that goes on somewhere around 4 a.m. A final tip: take the last of the dinner servings. You thus have almost unlimited time in which to linger in the restaurant car. Once the couchettes are made up into three-tiered bunks, there is nowhere else to sit.

The Hertz/Daimler Hire Company have recently introduced a credit-card system which is a great boon to travellers abroad, inasmuch as you may take on a car at any one of their international centres, without having made any previous booking, and without payment of deposit. You are billed on return to the U.K., and cards are obtainable here from most leading travel agencies or from Hertz, Knightsbridge, direct.

In France, the Guide Michelin is an indispensable; but I am very impressed also by the excellent Fodor Guides recently published by Newman Neame. There is a Jet Age Guide to Europe (35s.) which in its coverage of 32 countries, is more comprehensive than its title might suggest; and additional volumes on France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Scandinavia, Spain and Yugoslavia (21s. each).

Fishing harbour at Dunkirk



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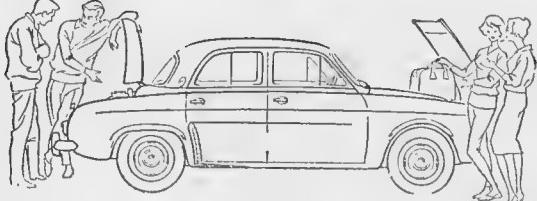
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CVS-351

MOTORING

And now—the room on wheels

by GORDON WILKINS



Top: *The Renault Estafette with front-wheel drive.* Middle: *The Morris Minibus carries up to 13 people.* Above: *Ford's new Thames 12-seater*

FOR VACATIONS SPENT CAMPING, fishing or hunting or boating, increasing numbers of people are looking for their transport outside the conventional sedan or station wagon, making use of the versatile light utility vehicles now produced by many European manufacturers. Shorter than many a conventional automobile and just as easy to park, they provide interior space on a scale no conventional car can match. The basis is a rectangular box which can be made with the rear open to form a forward control pick-up with canvas top. Or it can be built full closed as a light van, miniature bus, motor caravan, camping wagon, ambulance, mobile shop—the uses and adaptations are endless. I know a consulting engineer who is adapting one of the B.M.C. J2 vehicles as a mobile office which his secretary will drive to him with the day's post and the latest reports when he is working on sites away from his headquarters.

The Germans started early with the rear-engined Volkswagen transporter and Lloyd pioneered the opposite solution with a tiny front-drive six-seater bus only 12 ft. 7 in. long. At first it crept along with a little 2-stroke engine of 400 c.c. but is now livelier with an overhead camshaft 600 c.c. power unit. D.K.W. in Germany and Citroen in France put their front-drive units to work in light utilities and Tempo built a whole series with the choice of 2-cylinder 2-stroke engine or B.M.C. 4-cylinder 4-stroke. In Italy Alfa-Romeo built one with a twin camshaft Giulietta engine and front-wheel drive. Goggomobil stuck to the rear-engine drive for theirs and so did Fiat with the little six-seater Multipla.

Most designers group engine and transmission at one end or the other—either front engine, front drive, or rear engine, rear drive—but Ford in Germany and Britain stuck to front engine, rear drive; so did B.M.C. with their J2 series, Vauxhall with their Bedford and Standard with the little Atlas. Each arrangement has its advantages and supporters but

Renault, builders of the rear-engined Dauphine and 4 CV sedan, have turned about completely by adopting front engine and front drive for their new Estafette light utility series. In this way they achieve a really low floor—only 14 inches from the ground—and it is flat throughout. There is unrestricted access at the rear and through two side doors (three in the van and light bus).

Broadly speaking Renault have simply taken the Dauphine engine and transmission unit, turned it round and hung it on the front to drive the front wheels, but there are other changes. The gearbox is an entirely new 4-speed unit with synchromesh on all gears, different from the 4-speed box used on the Floride. If you inquire whether this box, with its attractive feature of synchromesh for first gear which is so useful in the mountains, can be used on the Floride coupé, the Renault engineers say "No." Designed for heavier duties it is too big and too heavy.

There are three basic versions, a van, an open pick-up and a little bus which carries driver and eight passengers in an overall length almost exactly the same as a Simca Aronde sedan. Driver's door and one door on the opposite side slide rearwards for safety when loading and unloading. At the rear the window lifts upwards and two half doors open sideways up to waist level.

Engine, transmission, front suspension (by coil springs and wishbones) steering and front wheels are mounted on a sub-frame attached to the body by only eight bolts so the whole of the mechanical parts can be removed for repair or overhaul in a few minutes. Rear wheels and independent rear suspension by wishbones and coil springs are mounted on another detachable cross member held by only four bolts. The interior of the closed version is 6.67 cu. yards, which is quite a lot of space; enough to contain driver, eight passengers and luggage in the bus version or a lot of camping kit or sports gear, or to quote from Renault's enthusiastic

publicity staff (I wonder who tried all this) "Two upright pianos, or 90 car tyres of popular sizes or 14 TV sets or 482 suitcases."

The driver's door slides back smoothly on its runners and you climb on to a light tubular seat over the front wheel. The engine, like that of the Dauphine but with a higher compression, lies under a cover between the seats. Controls are as on the Dauphine except that the steering lock is an extra and a long gear lever slopes forward from a point level with the rear of the seat and works the wrong way round—1st is back, 2nd is forward, 3rd is back and 4th is forward. Below the instrument panel are controls for the heater and above the windshield are flaps to admit fresh air. Manoeuvring through the gates of a country house and out into a country lane was simple. Steering is surprisingly light (4 turns from lock to lock) and the turning circle is a tiny 32 ft. In spite of the front wheel-drive there is no snatch on the steering when turning sharp corners thanks to the combination of constant velocity universal joints and rubber sleeves on the drive shafts which absorb vibrations. I took it crashing over pot-holed country lanes and the ride given by the independent suspension was surprisingly smooth and steady. It was stable on corners, too, but the body was a van with no interior trim and the noise (mainly from the panels) was deafening. Interior trim and sound damping should attend to that when it is fitted out as a bus, station wagon or caravan.

With such a tiny engine in a big vehicle with a large payload the performance cannot be startling. The van weighs 2,150 lb. and the payload is 1,323 lb., which is a large load for an 845 c.c. engine delivering 32 b.h.p. The Microcar miniature bus weighs 2,458 lb. and is designed to carry nine people including the driver. Acceleration is gradual and maximum speed about 56 m.p.h., but fuel consumption is said to be 28-31 m.p.g. (23-25 miles/U.S. gal.).



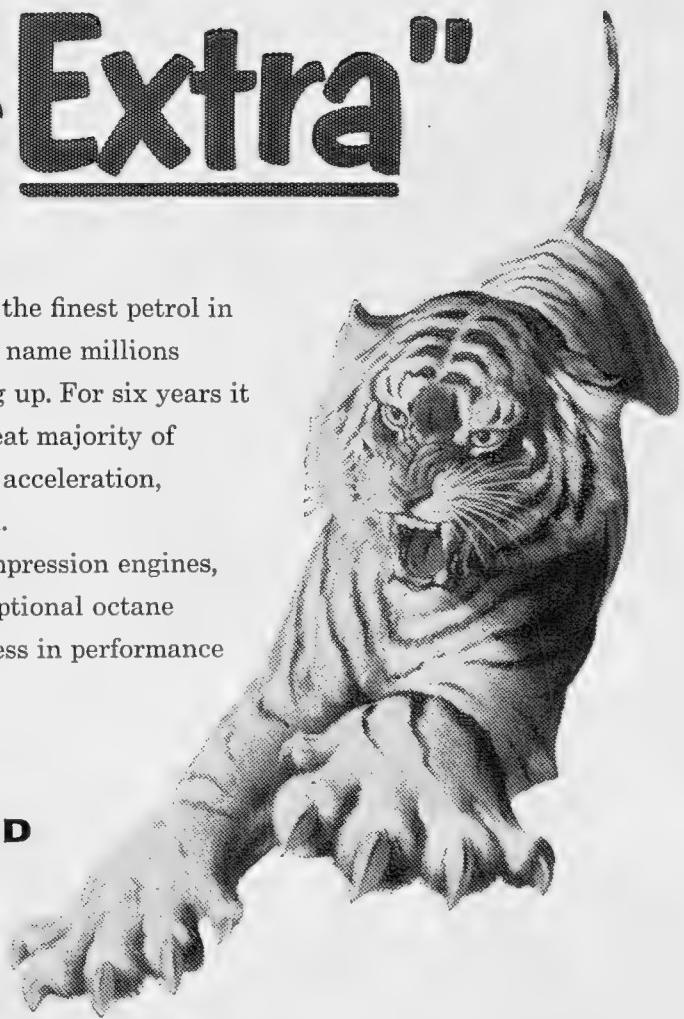
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DINING IN

Finesse with peas

by HELEN BURKE

HOME-GROWN PEAS, UNSURPASSED anywhere, should now be coming down a little in price. Not even the *petits pois* of the Continent can equal our own first small sugar-sweet green-as-green ones. Good as they are, they are not at all the same thing.

The earliest garden peas, with well-filled pods, are worth the money. All that need be added to the minimum of boiling water is a pinch of sugar. The salt is added at the end of the cooking because, if used in the first place, it tends to harden the skins. This may be my imagination, and in any case forgetful people had better start the cooking in salted water. Drained, plainly boiled peas, finished with a generous lump of butter, are hard to better.

It is an achievement to set down whole cooked peas (no empty shells) and an indication that they were kept just at boiling point and not boiled hard. Another thing: the peas should never be shelled until just before they are to go into the pot.

Mint with peas and lamb? Yes, a bruised sprig can be added a little before the time for dishing-up arrives—but why? I can understand adding mint to peas which are too fully grown. Everyone to her own taste.

Later on, another dish might be *Pois à la Française*. Here is a recipe, one of hundreds I have no doubt.

Melt 1 oz. butter in a saucepan just large enough for all the ingredients—not a great wide one but, rather, a small high and compact pot. Add half a dozen small spring onions and a hearty lettuce, cut in strips. Tie together a spray each of parsley and chervil and add them, together with about $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. sugar, 2 tablespoons of boiling water and 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints shelled peas. Cover tightly and cook for about 15 minutes, not too hard.

Add salt to taste, gently shake the pan and finish cooking for another 5 minutes. Remove the herbs, add another walnut of butter and serve.

When one has served peas in all possible plain ways, *Petits Pois à la Bonne Femme*, served as a separate course, comes as a pleasant change.

Start by frying together a small nut of butter and 2 oz. fresh or pickled pork or unsmoked bacon, cut into small dice. Add 4 oz. small whole onions. When the fat begins to run from the pork, blend a teaspoon of flour into it and cook it, while stirring, without colouring it. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint chicken consommé (hot water and a chicken bouillon cube will do very well), 1 pint shelled peas and several parsley stalks. Cover and cook gently until the onions and peas are ready. Season to taste. Discard the parsley stalks, of course, and you have a deliciously satisfying dish of peas in a little slightly thickened sauce.

Petits Pois à la Flamande are a mixture of peas and carrots. Choose very young carrots in the bunch. Cut off the green and the tips. Rub off the skins with a rough cloth, then wash the carrots and cover them with boiling water. Add (for $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.) a good pinch of salt, a good teaspoon of sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter. Cover and cook gently. When the carrots are half cooked, add up to 1 pint shelled peas. Cover tightly and continue cooking until the peas are done, by which time the carrots will be ready.

There will be hardly any liquid, so



do not drain the vegetables. Add another piece of butter and shake the pan over a low heat to spread it.

Alternatively, evaporate the liquid in the open pan. Boil hard about $\frac{1}{2}$ pint double cream to thicken it, then add the peas and carrots. Or, more economical, make a creamy white sauce with $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. flour and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint top milk cream. Turn the peas and carrots with their stock into it and serve with a suspicion of finely chopped parsley sprinkled over them.

HORSES for HEAVYWEIGHTS

An Irish dilemma with reverberations that reach across the Atlantic (and wherever rich men ride) described . . .

BY CLAUD COCKBURN

WHEN A PERSON NEEDS A HORSE HE REALY NEEDS ONE. THE ANIMAL is not one of those things that can be taken or left alone. And the bigger a man is the more horse he needs. It is certainly true that there are plenty of thin rich men. But it seems to be a statistical fact of life that the type of man who has made or inherited a lot of money in New York or Philadelphia or Chicago and also wants to ride to hounds when opportunity offers, is—more often than not—a little on the heavy side. Well-nourished.

These facts taken together add up to a major crisis on the horse front—one in which a few far-sighted people seem apt to make quite a lot of money. Most of them will be in Ireland, because that is still the place where the required horses have to come from.

Contrary to a fairly widespread illusion about the modern world, the number of people wanting hunters to ride is increasing. But the supply of hunters—weight-carrying hunters—is drying up.

Until fairly recently, it was maintained more or less automatically by the moderately well-to-do Irish farmer. He wanted a horse he could ride to hounds once a week during the season, and use in gainful employment on the farm at other times. The weight-carrying hunter type filled the bill. Then came the tractor and the general mechanization of farming. And to this extent the formerly essential animal began to become a luxury—a vehicle of pleasure rather than utility.

Naturally, the process was not sudden, or the changeover

complete. Indeed it has been happening so gradually that its effects have taken a lot of people by surprise. Now they are realizing with a good deal of dismay that a high proportion of farmers have lost interest in the breeding of weight-carrying hunters.

The farmer who retains an interest in horse-breeding at all, is likely to have his eye on a quite different class of animal. If, he reasons, he is going to incur the heavy expense and risk of breeding a horse at all, why not breed the winner of the Derby? There might be real money in that. Even the winner of a lesser race will do to be going on with.

Experts, as we all know, can and repeatedly do prove that nobody but the French can, under current economic conditions, make any money out of breeding race horses either. But it is no use telling that to the farmer who has once been bitten by the idea. He is going to be the exception that makes the big killing. Wasn't Tipperary Tim bought for 20 pounds, and didn't he win the National? Will you answer me that now?

Not that any but the most sanguine of farmers would actually gamble on breeding a steeple-chaser as a money-making proposition. Discussing this point a couple of years ago Mr. Vincent O'Brien, the great trainer of such great horses as Ballymoss, pointed out to me that the "little man" who hopes to make race-horse breeding pay simply cannot face that sort of risk. You may breed what is unquestionably the "best" horse in the race but if another horse falls

continued overleaf

BRIGGS by Graham



HORSES FOR
HEAVYWEIGHTS
continued



The
Social
Alphabet
I for

If wet, in the village hall...'

*To enliven our Septuagesimataide,
With a gurgling moo the harmonium burst.
It was good at the time, but the pleasure has
died,
For to pay for the fun there's a fete on the 1st.*

*I'm afraid Mrs. Splatt is arranging the teas—
She's as mad as a dog, and albino to boot.
Mrs. Rogers, with whom Mrs. Splatt disagrees,
Therefore won't be providing a basket of fruit.*

*Will the jumble be run by Miss Dart or Miss
Dock?
The whole village is split into opposite camps.
Little Rosie will raffle an earthenware clock
With a vile decoration of threepenny stamps.*

*Now, you're not to back out—I insist that you
come!
It's a wonderful cause, and you're well within
reach!
Come and succour the wreck of your poor little
chum—
I'm to open the horrible thing with a speech.*

*Francis
Kinsman*

in a ditch in front of him your specimen, however splendid, is not going to win.

And the result—since steeple-chasing is essentially an extension of hunting—is another blow to the breeding of hunters.

Comes the vulgar question: Who cares? To which the answer is that a continually increasing number of people in New York and other large conurbations across the Atlantic care very much indeed. Most particularly they care about the acute shortage of hunters fitted to carry a prosperous American of 13 stone or upwards.

Such men regard the present horse situation with alarm, though not with undue despondency. They realize—and should they not do so, the Irish breeders are prepared to make the position clear to them—that if they want a weight-carrying hunter they are going to have to pay a lot more dollars for it than would have seemed probable only five years ago.

No sane man expects anyone in the horse business to tell the precise truth about the price he got or gave for a horse—or even to name the same figure twice in connection with the same transaction. And over and above this human element of uncertainty, there is, of course, a huge variation in the actual prices paid for individual horses of roughly the same class.

A friend of mine flew into Shannon from Toronto the other day with an urgent bid of up to \$5,000 for any well-attested weight-carrying hunter—the bidder being a Canadian enthusiast for the chase. The Canadian did not aim to buy a paragon among beasts—just a sound, able, good-looking hunter up to his weight. And I do not believe the figure offered is exceptional. Five years ago it would have been as sensational as a picture auction at Sotheby's.

At first glance it could seem that with that sort of money on offer, half the farmers in Ireland must be rushing back into the business of breeding the Hunter for the Heavier Man. There may be the beginning of a trend in that direction, but if so it is as yet barely noticeable. And the reason is that the man who actually breeds the horse is very unlikely indeed to see that amount of cash.

A near relative of my own in County Cork was recently happy enough to sell an unbroken 3-year-old for a price which a horsey habit of discretion compels me to define as not more than 180 pounds and not less than 170. Had he chosen to spend time and money breaking the colt himself—and take the inevitable risk involved in having the animal on his hands for that much extra time—he could have hoped for 350 and expected 300.

So why is the creature possibly going to cost some sturdy man in Pennsylvania 1,500 or 2,000? A disgruntled breeder will say it is the fault of the damned middleman and leave it at that. I am not going to assert that the big Irish horse dealers are starving, or even at all near the poverty line. But they do a lot of work and take a lot of chances for their money.

To begin with, the American purchaser is not only buying a horse—he is paying for the dealer's knowhow to help find him the sort of horse he wants. And the dealer is staking his reputation on shipping the buyer a horse that not only seems all right now, but will stay all right for a reasonable time to come. Furthermore even the most experienced dealer is going, over a period of years, to buy a lot of horses that turn out to be not all right at all. The buyer is paying the dealer to make his mistakes for him. The dealer has to pay the insurance money. And finally, when he puts the horse aboard the transatlantic plane, it is he who has to pay for its ticket.

Somebody may be wondering whether the exporters of Irish horses are not exporting themselves out of business. What, he may ask, will happen as the progeny of these horses increases and multiplies in the United States? How come that all the heavy-built rich men in North America are not already riding to hounds on North American-bred steeds?

The answer is that the Creator is apparently on the side of Ireland's breeders and dealers. The soil and climate of North America have been fixed up in such a way that the American-born sons and daughters of big Irish horses are just a little bit smaller than their parents, and the grandchildren are just a little bit smaller still.

They shrink. But the big, rich men we have been talking about stay the same size. So that Ireland is the only at present visible solution.



ROTHSCHILD TREASURES

Waddesdon Manor, bequeathed to the National Trust by its owner, the late Mr. Jimmy de Rothschild, opened to the public for the first time during the printing stoppage

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALAN VINES



A Gainsborough of the Duke of Hamilton (left) flanks a monumental black lacquer secretary (French, mid 18th-century) in the morning room. Right: A fantastic German musical box, probably early 18th-century



ROTHSCHILD TREASURES
continued

Reflections of a family's history

THE FOUNDER OF WADDESDON MANOR WAS Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, of the Austrian branch of the Rothschild dynasty. A baron of the Austrian Empire, he married

an English cousin, and in 1880 he began building Waddesdon Manor, near Aylesbury (which incidentally was later to be his constituency in Parliament). He chose the French architect Destailleur who had lately built a chapel for the Empress Eugenie at Chislehurst. Destailleur designed the house in the ornate style of a French Renaissance château, and Baron de Rothschild began acquiring works of art for its decoration. Mr. James de Rothschild, Baron Ferdinand's French-born great-nephew, inherited Wad-

desdon in 1922. A noted racehorse owner and Liberal politician, he became naturalized and when he died two years ago he bequeathed the house and its contents to the National Trust. The collection of 18th-century French decorative art is comparable with the Wallace Collection. But there is much else—for example a collection of British portraits. Edward VII and George V were frequent visitors to Waddesdon; signatures of five Prime Ministers appear in the visitors' book.

ORNATE DESK (opposite) belonged to Beaumarchais. Made in 1779, it records in a trompe l'oeil his pro-war pamphlet urging French intervention on Washington's side against Britain. Later the desk was sold by lottery and the winning ticket (shown framed) was found in a secret drawer



ORNATE DOOR in the Red Drawing-room is a fine example of early 19th-century boiserie



ORNATE SETTING for paintings by Reynolds (Col. St. Leger of the 55th Foot) and Gainsborough (Lady Sheffield) is a corner of the Red Drawing-room. The Copenhagen Vase (Sèvres 1763) stands on a commode by Jean-Henri Riesener, cabinet-maker to Louis XVI (Waddesdon contains many examples of his work). The armchair at left is covered with Beauvais tapestry



WADDESDON'S FOUNDER is commemorated by this portrait of Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, which stands on an easel in the Morning-room. He died childless in 1898

WADDESDON'S FLAVOUR is conveyed by this tapestry-draped doorway in the Grey Drawing-room. Beside it stands a drop-front cabinet by Carlin with two Sèvres plaques. The wall candelabra was made for Stanislas I Leszczynski of Poland (whose daughter married Louis XV)



NEWS PORTRAITS



Erich Auerbach



Alan Vines

Alan Vines

ATTAINMENT Miss Alison King (*above*) becomes general secretary of the 452,000-strong National Federation of Women's Institutes next month. She was the first woman operations officer of the Air Transport Auxiliary during the war and told the story of the wartime women ferry pilots in her book *Golden Wings*. Former director of the Women's Junior Air Corps she is also (though a non-pilot) chairman of the British Women Pilots Association. Eileen Joyce (*above, left*) is pictured in her country home, Chartwell Farm, which she and her husband bought from Sir Winston Churchill who lives at nearby Chartwell Manor. Miss Joyce commutes between a studio home in Chelsea and Chartwell, spends as much time as she can in the country. On 12 September she plays the Grieg Concerto in A minor in the 65th season of the Proms. Dame Mary Smieton (*left*) succeeds Sir Gilbert Fleming next month in the £7,000-a-year job of Permanent Secretary to the Ministry of Education. Graduate of Lady Margaret Hall she joined the Ministry of Labour in 1928 and became general secretary to the W.V.S. 10 years later. In 1946 she was first director of Personnel at the U.N. and in 1955 became Deputy Secretary at the Labour Ministry





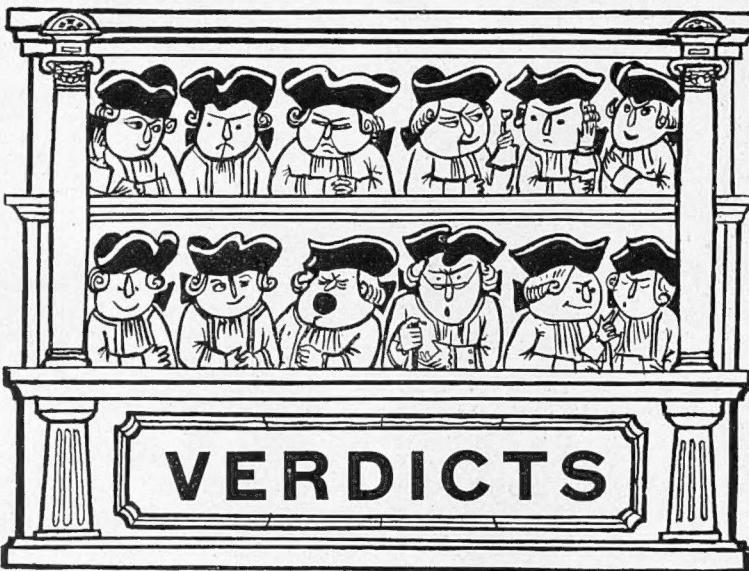
Lewis Morley

Alan Vines



ACCLAIM Hussein Shariffe, artist son of a former Minister of Communications to the Sudan Government and a grandson of the Mahdi, has had a success with his first one-man show at London's Gallery One. Most of the paintings in the exhibition, scheduled to run another month, were sold in the first week. Mr. Shariffe, seen against a background of urchin art, read history at Cambridge for a year, then gravitated to the Slade. His chief subjects: people and birds painted in subtle, glowing colour. His chief ambition: to go on painting

APPOINTMENT Mr. Hugh Carleton Greene (left), brother of novelist Graham Greene, succeeds Sir Ian Jacob as Director General of the B.B.C. at the end of this year. He joined the Corporation in 1940, has been director of the news and current affairs section of sound and television for the past year. To that extent his appointment is a departure from tradition, previous Director Generals having mostly been drawn from outside the organization. He is seen at his Holland Park home with his wife and two of their four sons, Timothy (riding in the wheelbarrow) and Christopher



Hamaton

- The play* **LOCK UP YOUR DAUGHTERS**
(Hy Hazell, Stephanie Voss, Richard Wordsworth) Mermaid Theatre
- The films* **THE SLEEPING BEAUTY**
Walt Disney feature cartoon
A HOLE IN THE HEAD
Frank Sinatra, Edward G. Robinson, Eleanor Parker. Director, Frank Capra
- The records* **DIZZY IN GREECE**
(Dizzy Gillespie, 12-in. LP Columbia)
AT THE PERSHING
(Ahmad Jamal, 12-in. LP London)
PARIS IMPRESSIONS
(Erroll Garner, 12-in. LP Philips)
AT SYMPHONY HALL
(Wilbur de Paris, 12-in. LP London)
TODAY (Maurice Chevalier, 12-in. LP MGM)
BUCK & MAE
(Mae Barnes, Buck Clayton, EP Top Rank)
- The books* **ANNE BRONTË**
by Winifred Gerin (Nelson, 30s.)
ANNE BRONTË
by Ada Harrison & Derek Stanford (Methuen, 25s.)
AND PROMENADE HOME
by Agnes de Mille (Hamish Hamilton, 25s.)
THE GODSTONE & THE BLACKYMORE
by T. H. White (Cape, 18s.)
THE MUSICAL LIFE
by Neville Cardus (Gollancz, 21s.)



THEATRE

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

Puddle Dock success story

OPENED AS RECENTLY AS MAY, Bernard Miles's Mermaid Theatre at Blackfriars has already been so successful that the opening production has twice had its run extended. *Lock Up Your Daughters* is now due to stay on till late next month. It is a most unlikely success story. Even as an accomplished fact it takes a deal of believing.

Mr. Miles is a passionate Shakespearian, a roaringly funny music-hall comedian, a dialect expert, a highly intelligent man of the theatre. His head steams perpetually with ideas,

and the ideas have usually an idealistic twist to their tails. He believes the gulf between highbrows and lowbrows is largely artificial. The one lot would enjoy much of what the other enjoys, if both lots had not got so infernally hidebound.

He has a theory that theatrical development since Elizabethan times has resulted in audience and actors losing touch with each other. He wants to project the player bang into the middle of the audience.

These and various other notions are listened to with respect in

theatrical circles. It is natural that they should be, for Mr. Miles knows what he is talking about and has learning and a sly sense of humour to defend his outlandish views, but that this soft-spoken idealist should carry his convictions into the City and draw, in cash and in kind, some £70,000 from bankers and industrialists—that is a triumph of persuasion which, even after it has been achieved, strains credulity.

However, achieved it has been, and the Lord Mayor says that the City will do all in its power to make its new playhouse a lasting success.

This playhouse is essentially a friendly place. In most West End theatres a drink in the interval is an affair of fierce infighting, but in this relatively small house built on an almost impossible site the foyer is spacious and the bars, wet and dry, are delightfully easy of access. There is a restaurant commanding the whole river reach from Blackfriars to Tower Bridge. Every place in the auditorium, its 500 fixed seats on a sharply raked tier, has a perfect view of the open stage. Everything, in short, makes for intimacy between the players and ourselves.

I am not altogether sure that Mr. Miles's musical version of Fielding's *Rape Upon Rape*, rechristened *Lock Up Your Daughters*, was the ideal choice for opening piece. Ravishing, treated as a game which everybody plays, tends to fall into monotony after a while, especially when this is a fate which all the women in the play somehow manage to escape. "When does the ravishing begin?" Miss Hy Hazell twice sings with superb testiness, and she gets no satisfactory answer. She expresses her annoyance by herself seducing a young man who is by way of being a professional ravisher.

The original, so far as I remember, relieves the monotony of attempted rape with some lively satire at the expense of coffee-house politicians who believe nothing unless they see it printed in the newspapers, but the old fools are treated only perfunctorily in the adaptation. Mr. Miles concentrates on the adventures of a spirited girl who, setting out to elope with her lover, is in danger of being assaulted by a personable sailor. They are haled before a magistrate. He at once transforms his tall desk into a chaise-longue and assails her virtue afresh. She only just escapes, but on hearing that the old ruffian has committed both her lover and her would-be ravisher to prison, she lures the law's representative into a compromising assignation. Her plan works so well that the corrupt justice is dispatched to Newgate and everyone is respectfully married.

But the chief justification of this opening piece is that it is presented in a way that wins the audience.

The lyrics of Mr. Lionel Bart are spirited, the music of Mr. Laurie Johnson is charmingly gay, the playing of the company attractive and Mr. Peter Coe's production briskly exploits the varied levels of the stage.

The most vigorous performance comes from Miss Hazell in a red wig and yards of petticoat as the magistrate's shameless wife. Miss Stephanie Voss is engaging as the heroine about whose innocence we are never quite sure, and Mr. Richard Wordsworth is amusingly quick-minded as the unprincipled magistrate.



1



2



Michael Boys

1. *Richard Wordsworth & Hy Hazell as the scheming magistrate and his wife*

2. *The heroine (Stephanie Voss) makes a compact with the magistrate*

3. *The faithful swain (Terence Cooper) finds happiness with the heroine*

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